

DA 32

.8

.S6







BRUT AND IGNOGE.

Philo Read.

See page 30.

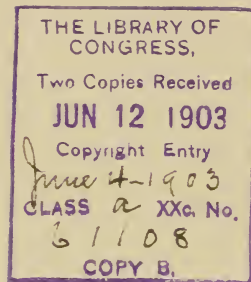
THE STORY OF THE BRITONS

BY
HUBERT M. SKINNER, Ph.D.
AUTHOR OF "READINGS IN FOLKLORE," ETC.



THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO :: NEW YORK



DA32
.8
S6

COPYRIGHT, 1903
BY
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

YH A9811 INT
2239300 70

TYPOGRAPHY BY
MARSH, AITKEN & CURTIS COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

In issuing this volume, which is the first American book to set forth the legendary story of ancient Britain, the publishers have a double purpose in view.

It is designed to supply for juvenile readers a companion volume to the stories of Troy and of Æneas, which are so popular for supplementary reading and for school libraries.

At the same time, it is intended to meet the needs of more advanced pupils, and of the public generally, for a volume which will present the same narrative in its relation to literature, art, history, and the mythology of Greece and Rome. The story itself will appeal to young readers, who delight in tales which have a mythical flavor; while the author's critical judgment of the narrative, expressed in running comments, and the correlation of the theme with the other subjects named, will be valuable to the student and to the general reader.

O shadowy Kings of Britain, your tale is told!
Your dim and spectral forms entrance us. Into the
noonday of our time ye may not come. As if half
awake we look upon you in the gray of the dawn
or the dusk of the evening, when our eyelids are
heavy and the air is drowsy with invitations to
slumber.

"It is the very witchcraft of history," says Henry
Reed; "and as we read in these legendary annals
the name of one king after another, they pass before
the mind, visionary creations, like the shadows of
the kings that the weird sisters showed to Mac-
beth—one 'gold bound brow is like the first, a third
is like the former'—and others more shadowy still,
like the images of the many more reflected in the
glass of the spectral Banquo." Yet through all the
pathway of this legendary cycle, O modern histori-
cal critic, should you not go? It will not be sun-
light, but it will be always moonlight or starlight,
and never so dark but that living forms, however
shadowy, will be found all around you—hearts
beating with human passions like our own, and
hands that move to bless or blight with human
motive, though the eyes be dim in the feeble glim-
mer of their twilight world.

"The Shadowy Kings of Britain."

CONTENTS

	Page
PREFACE	9
THE ISLAND OF ALBION	13
THE TROJANS	19
BRUT	26
CORINEUS	32
TROY NOVANT	37
LOCRIAN AND GUENDOLÆNA	48
THE TWENTY GERMANS	56
KING LEAR	61
FERREX AND PORREX	74
BELINUS AND BRENNIUS	81
ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE	89
LUD	94
CASSIVELLAUNUS	99
NORMA	107
CYMBELINE	117
ARVIRAGUS	130
CARACTACUS	137
BOADICEA	143
THE LADY CLAUDIA	154

	Page
LUCIUS	160
SEVERUS IN BRITAIN	167
"OLD KING COLE"	174
VORTIGERN	182
KING ARTHUR	193
THE ROYAL LINE OF ANCIENT BRITAIN	218
NOTES OF CRITICISM ON GREEK, ROMAN, AND BRITISH LEGENDS	223
GENERAL NOTES	233
BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND FOR READING	236
REIGNS OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS MENTIONED IN THIS VOLUME	237
PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES	238

PREFACE

WHY should the legendary story of the ancient Britons be less familiar to American readers than that of the early Romans? Is it less connected with our literature? Is it less interesting in itself? Are we quite sure that it has less of truth for its foundation?

When the Romans entered Britain, about a half century before the Christian era, they found there a people possessing fortified towns, and employing superior arms and war chariots. They found a people who had traded for many centuries with the most progressive people of the Far East—the Phœnicians—and who had long possessed an alphabet. They found a priesthood singularly learned, whose course of instruction covered a period of twenty years, and whose system of culture carried to human perfection the art of memorizing, since they preferred that their learning should be preserved in unwritten verse.

So much for the “savages” whom the Romans found, according to popular conception. Those who would place the traditions of such a people in the same class with the vague and often meaningless tales of savage tribes, would seem to be biased in their judgment.

In this presentation of the story of the Britons, from the period of the war of Troy to that of the Saxon conquest, it is by no means assumed that the narrative is historical. Rather is it to be classed as folklore—which is the precursor of reliable history, and is often more interesting and profitable than history itself.

In former centuries, the story of the Britons was included in the histories of England. The later historians, who have rejected it as history, have failed to make the same use of it that is now made of Roman and Grecian legends. No such discrimination has been made by authors in other departments of letters. As in the days of Layamon, and of Spenser and Shakespeare, so in the days of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, English bards have drawn upon ancient British legend for the subjects of great poems.

Since the story of the Britons is excluded from consideration, even as folklore, in the histories of to-day, there is greater reason for its presentation in popular form for the general reader. In this volume the narrative of Geoffrey of Monmouth has been followed in the main, with such variations and additions as are found in certain notable literary compositions. Comments in aid of a true interpretation of the narrative are interspersed throughout the book.

It would seem that the story should be of great interest to American readers. Every citizen who

bears the name of Morgan, or Jones, or Meredith, or Cadwallader, or Lloyd, or Davies, or Kellogg, or Griffith—or any one of a large number of familiar patronymics—may be deemed a descendant of the Britons. The Welsh are to-day among the leading miners and machinists of the world, as were their ancestors in Britain long before Rome became great and powerful.

Should we not treasure as a legacy of the past the ancient folklore of that marvelous race, which has borne so important a part in the material development of our civilization, and which is so largely represented in the ancestry of our people?

H. M. S.

THE STORY OF THE BRITONS

CHAPTER I

THE ISLAND OF ALBION

AGES and ages ago, before the twilight of history had dawned, and before the people of the continent of Europe had even learned to write, little or nothing was known of the vast island which lay in the waters to the west.

At that time the great world itself was little known to any one. It was assumed to be an immense flat body of land, set in the midst of an infinite ocean; for no one then believed the earth to be round, like a ball. Men thought that the end of the world was reached when they came to the end of this great body of land. They knew nothing of any region beyond.

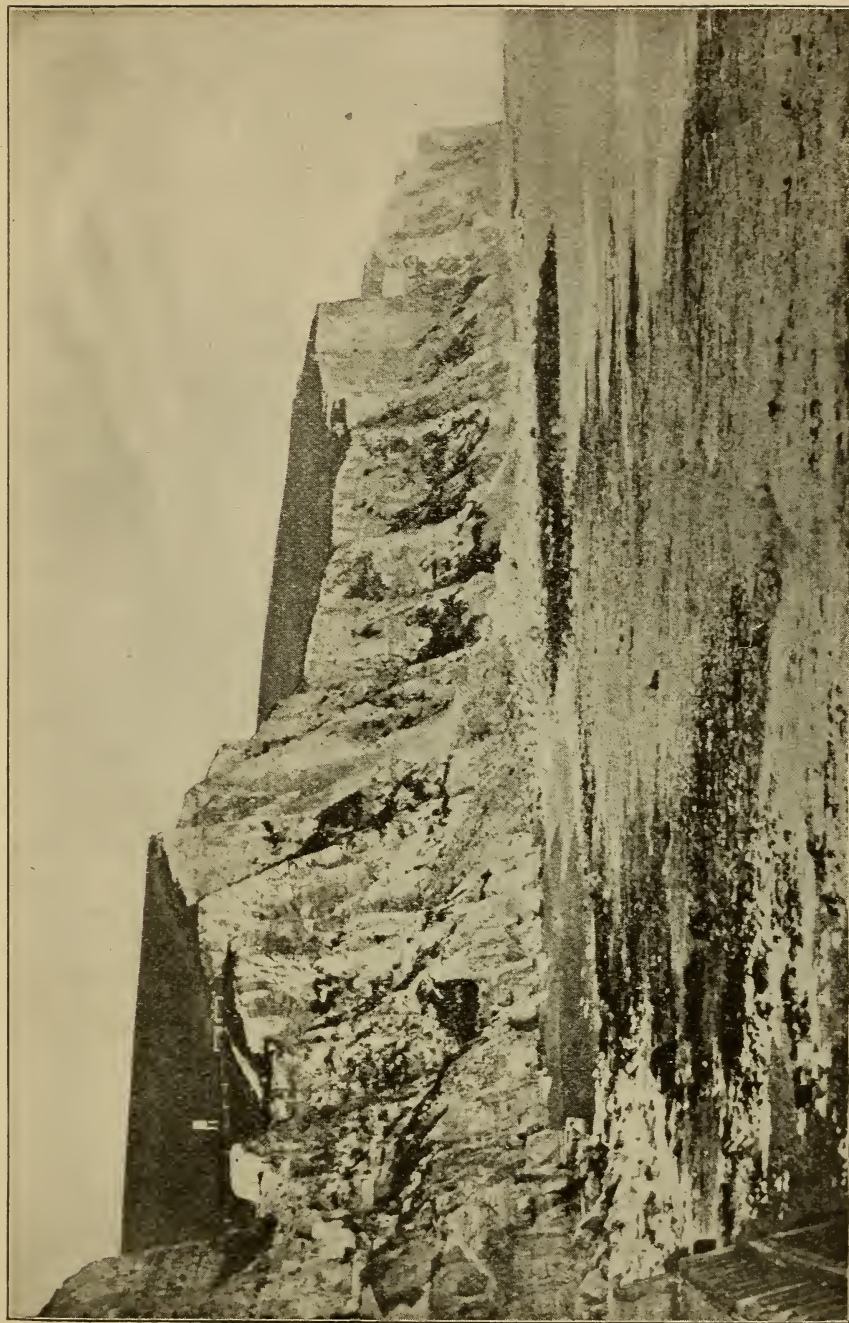
The people of Europe for a long time did not even attempt to find out anything about this island. Who would wish to go out of the world? Were there not dangers and troubles enough in the world? There were savage beasts and savage men, venomous serpents, and poisonous vines. If other worlds should be discovered, they might

contain beasts and men more savage still. And more terrible even than these were the creatures of the imagination; for it is the unknown that causes the greatest fear to imaginative and ignorant men.

From the mainland, on a bright day, a glimpse of the coast of Albion could be seen—a range of chalky cliffs, gleaming in the morning sunlight. But few, indeed, were the daring souls that ventured near; for the shining shore might be only a beacon set by the Evil One to lure men to destruction.

Very ancient legend tells us that this island was the abode of hideous monsters. It was covered with deep forests, and mighty trees shut out the light of day. Its rivers rolled sullenly to the ocean, sometimes spreading out into noisome fens and sloughs. It was well suited to be the home of giants. These, the legends tell us, were eighteen feet or more in height. When they walked, the earth shook under their tread. One of them could easily carry an ox upon his shoulder. It would have been rare sport for them to seize men by the hair and hold them out at arm's length.

The giants were uncouth fellows, with long, shaggy hair falling down upon their shoulders. Their faces bore an ugly scowl. They liked the dark recesses of the woods, and the mountain caves, where they slept away the long hours of the day, awakening only to wreak vengeance upon any



THE CHALKY CLIFFS (DOVER, ENGLAND)

intruder, or to seek their prey for the horrid repasts of raw flesh in which they indulged. The few shipwrecked sailors who were thrown upon their shore were seized at once by these monsters, and carried to their king.

This giant monarch was Albion. For his great size and strength he was made the lord and master of the island; and woe to the hapless person who incurred his wrath! The giants called their country the Island of Albion, for he claimed to own the whole of it, and no one dared to question his title.

Albion, it was said, was the son of Neptune, the god of the sea. Neptune ruled over the ocean, riding about it day and night, as the commanders of great ships do to-day—only he could live and ride as well below the surface of the water as above it, and he spent much of his time in its depths. Old European pictures represent Neptune as riding in a sea-shell, drawn by sea-horses, and holding in his hand a three-pointed scepter called a *trident*, by means of which he ruled the waves.

Perhaps it was thought that Albion's island had some right to the use of his father's scepter as a symbol; for the same old artists who drew the pictures of Neptune used to represent the island by drawing a picture of a woman seated upon a rock and bearing a trident in her hand. It has been remarked that this old picture was a sort of prophecy that the island would one day rule the

sea. But these pictures were made many centuries after the dismal period of Albion's reign.

A day was to arrive when the king of the giants should pass away.

A great prince, in course of time, was to come to the island and take possession of it. The giants were to fall before the prowess of the prince. Clearings were to be made in the dark forests to let the beautiful sunlight stream in. It was indeed a great day for the world when the advance-guard of a new race came to redeem the land from its long and dreadful night.



EDMUND SPENSER

More than three centuries ago, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the English poet Edmund Spenser described the giants of the island in his poem "The Faerie Queene." The language of this famous poem is so quaint and old-fashioned that it is not

always easy to understand, for our words and forms of speech have changed very much since Queen Elizabeth's time. Yet it is interesting to read this old poem. Here is a stanza from it, which tells about the giants:

But far inland a savage nation dwelt,
Of hideous giants, and half beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But wild like beasts, lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebuck through the fen,
All naked, without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liv-ed then,
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sons of men amazed their sternness to behold.

CHAPTER II

THE TROJANS

HOW long a giant might live, it is not easy to say. There is now no race of giants upon the earth. Now and then, people live to be a century old. Giants such as this story describes might live perhaps two or three times as long.

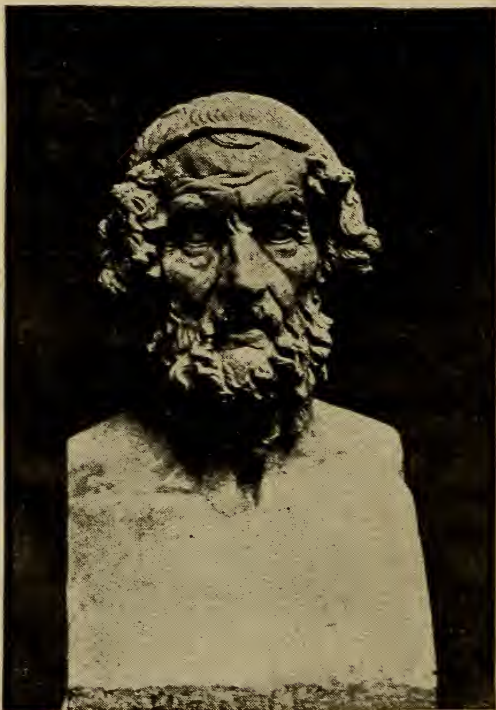
Albion's life did not come to a natural close. Leaving his island, he passed over to the mainland of Europe, where he might prove if there were in the great world any beings who could equal him in strength. On the bank of the Rhone River he encountered Hercules, a gigantic mythical hero of the Greeks and Romans, of whom are related many of the most charming stories in ancient mythology. Albion was slain in the struggle, and his brother Bergion also lost his life.

Albion left in his island a son named Godmer, who grew to be as huge and as hideous as himself. Godmer must have been living a long time before the Trojan war; but he survived it for several generations of men, and then came to his end by violence, as we shall see later on.

That was one of the most famous wars ever known in all the world. It occurred so very long ago that history says nothing about it. A great

poem, called the "Iliad" of Homer, which was composed and learned long before the time of writing, tells us a great deal concerning it.

Far, far away, in what is now called Asia Minor, was the nation of the Trojans. Their capital city was called Troy, or Ilium, for it had two names. It was a wonderful city for those times, and the Trojans considered it the greatest capital in the world. They looked down upon the Europeans, as being uncivilized—as, indeed, the most of them were, though the Greeks were fast becoming a powerful and cultured people.



HOMER

Priam was a great and proud king of Troy; but, alas, it was his fate to see the utter ruin of his city and the destruction of his nation!

Priam's son Paris, who visited one of the Greek kings, was base enough to steal and carry away the



THE ABDUCTION OF HELEN

wife of his host. The name of this queen was Helen, and she was known as the most beautiful woman in the world. The kings of the Greek states united to make war on Troy—to recover her, and to punish the crime of the Trojan prince.

For ten years the city was besieged by the allied armies. At last it fell into the hands of the Greeks by a clever stratagem, of which perhaps you have read. It was night when the thousands of Greeks burst into the city, carrying everywhere the torch and sword, and destroying the houses and the people.

Among the Trojans who escaped from the burning city was Æneas, who carried his aged father upon his back and led his little boy Ascanius by the hand, till he reached the sea-shore. He then, with many other brave men, set forth in vessels upon the Ægean Sea, leaving far behind him the red glare of the great fire.

He did not land in Greece, for the Greeks were his enemies. On and on he sailed to the westward, over the vast Mediterranean, which seemed to him more immense than the ocean seems to us to-day. No such voyage had ever been made before. He did not know what lands he would reach. But he followed the star Venus, in the western sky, and came at last, it is said, to Carthage, an ancient city which stood where Tunis is now, on the coast of Africa.

The Roman poet Vergil has related, in his great

Latin poem called the "Æneid," the story of this wonderful voyage. To make the narrative more interesting, Vergil tells us that Æneas stopped at Carthage and visited Queen Dido, who fell in love with him, and killed herself when he left. It is a very pathetic story, and it is charmingly told in the "Æneid." But the fact is that Queen Dido did not live until three hundred years after the time of Æneas; so that we shall waste our sympathy if we allow the story to affect us.

From Carthage Æneas went to Italy, where he was well received by the king of the Latin country. His wife having perished at Troy, he accepted the king's offer of his daughter's hand in marriage. Æneas remained in the fair land of Italy, where he was not molested by the Greeks, and where his descendants multiplied, handing down his memories of their illustrious ancestors and of the heroic deeds of old Troy. One of his descendants was Romulus, who founded the city of Rome,



VERGIL



ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO

which finally became the capital of all the known world.

The Romans were very proud of their descent from the Trojans. In later ages the Greeks, who fancied themselves the only great people of the world, were apt to boast very much of their ancestors who fought in the Trojan war. And then the Romans would haughtily reply: "Yes, but we also are descendants of heroes who fought in the same great war. *We* are Trojans."

How much truth there is in Vergil's story of Æneas, we do not know. Doubtless this poet made the most of all the old legends of the people that connected them with the East. The Romans had become powerful and wealthy in the time of Vergil, and it was a source of pleasure to them to believe the story, since it enabled them to claim as famous an ancestry and as old a civilization as the Greeks possessed.

CHAPTER III

BRUT

ÆNEAS did not find that the heroic struggles of his life were over when he ceased his wanderings and resolved to end his days among the Latin people of Italy. Lavinia, the beautiful daughter of the king, Latinus, had been promised to Turnus, the king of a neighboring nation called the Rutuli. At least, this was what Turnus claimed; and accordingly he made war upon the Latins. Æneas was ready to fight for his young bride, and proved, as ever, a gallant warrior. He defeated Turnus, and slew him with his own hand.

After the death of Latinus, Æneas succeeded him as king. Æneas's son Ascanius undertook the building of a new kingdom, in the unoccupied country near by, and founded the city of Alba. Here a son was born to him, and named Sylvius.

This son, when he became a young man, secretly married a niece of Lavinia. When Ascanius learned of this, he was much alarmed, for he heard at the same time a fearful prophecy concerning a grandson of his, yet to be born. The prophecy was to the effect that the child of Sylvius should destroy his own father and mother; but it

added that he should wander far over the earth, and should become eventually a great and illustrious hero.

A son was born to Sylvius; but, alas, the mother died! The child was a bright and promising boy, and loved his father, and little attention was given to the further fulfillment of the prophecy concerning him. His name was Brut—or Brutus, as he is called in the Latin language.

When Brut was fifteen years of age, he was engaged one day in hunting, in company with his father, Sylvius, when a dreadful accident occurred. An arrow, which the boy aimed at a stag, glanced to one side and entered his father's breast. The bow had been strongly bent, and the wound was fatal.

In the old days, the son who killed his father was deemed accursed, however innocent might have been his intent; and King Ascanius was compelled to banish his grandson from his realm.

Thus at a tender age the child of prophecy went forth alone into the great world. His mind was filled with thoughts of the illustrious deeds of Æneas, and he wandered away to the East, to learn what had become of that hero's old comrades, if any survived, or of their descendants.

He came at length to Greece, and found himself in the land of a king named Pandrasus. In this country there were the descendants of many Trojan captives, who were slaves—for the ancient

nations made slaves of their prisoners of war. Brut enlisted as a soldier of the king, but took care to cultivate the friendship of all the Trojan slaves. He learned their grievances, and encouraged their aspirations for freedom. He won fame in the army, for as he grew older he grew in power and skill.

Doubtless the prophecy uttered before his birth encouraged Brut to prepare for a career as the liberator of an enslaved people, and the rebuilder of a great nation. The Trojans in Greece, however, were so oppressed as to be unable to aid him in preparing for an uprising. He must have some help from a wealthy and influential Greek, if possible.

Fortunately, he found a suitable man in Assaracus, the son of a Greek noble. The mother of Assaracus was a Trojan slave. His father's other son was the child of a proud Greek lady; and while the father gave his wealth to both his boys, there was jealousy and enmity between them. Brut encouraged Assaracus to take great pride in his Trojan ancestry, and to espouse the cause of his kinsmen in bondage.

Assaracus placed his castles at their disposal, and an uprising was speedily planned. Three thousand of the Trojan slaves suddenly assembled at these strongholds, and placed themselves under the command of Brut. The latter at once sent a message to King Pandrasus, demanding the

immediate emancipation of his followers. This was denied by the king, who instantly led forth his army to suppress the insurrection.

Brut managed to intercept and surprise him on the way. The armies met on the banks of the river Akalon—which may have been the *Acheron*, though critics do not identify any of this story with what is known of ancient Grecian history or geography.

Here Antigonus, a brother of the king, was taken prisoner, together with his friend and companion, Anacletus. The royal army was repulsed. Brut placed a garrison in his stronghold of Sparatinum, but kept his main force in the field or among the hills, where he might retreat if necessary.

The king's forces advanced upon Sparatinum, and a furious siege ensued. Heavy engines of war were set to work to demolish the walls, and the garrison was threatened with destruction.

Brut, learning of this, and not daring to risk a battle with even chances of victory, had recourse to stratagem. He determined to secure, if possible, possession of the king's person at night. By a threat of instant death he compelled his two illustrious prisoners, Antigonus and Anacletus, to aid him in a clever scheme.

In the dead of night Brut's army was to draw near in silence, concealed by the darkness. Anacletus was to advance to the sentinels of the

Greek camp, and tell them a pitiful story of the king's brother.

"Antigonus," he was to say, "is bound with heavy chains. I succeeded in escaping with him, and have carried him nearly all the way here. I had to leave him at the edge of the forest, for I could carry him no farther. For heaven's sake, leave your post a few minutes, and bring him in."

The stratagem succeeded admirably. The sentinels advanced without suspicion, and were quickly seized by the Trojans. Skillfully did Brut post his forces in the silence and darkness. Then at a given signal a rush was made, the king was taken prisoner in his pavilion, and the Greeks were overpowered as they awakened from sleep.

King Pandrasus, like the Pharaoh of Scripture, consented now that the slaves should depart if they should so insist, but was willing to give them one-third of his kingdom if they would remain. To the latter the Trojans would not agree. The prophecy regarding their leader was to be fulfilled. He would prove another Moses, and would lead them to a land where they would build a new Troy, and revive the fame of their ancestors.

King Pandrasus gave them three hundred ships, and a large amount of gold and silver. More reluctantly, perhaps, he gave his daughter Ignoge to be the bride of the victorious Brut.

The Trojans, like the Israelites, left their oppressors at once. As soon as possible the ships

were loaded and manned, and sailed away from Greece, never to return. The last the Greeks saw of them was Ignoge, fainting in the arms of her brave young husband, as the vessels sailed out of the bay.

CHAPTER IV

CORINEUS

ON AND on sped the Trojan ships over the blue Mediterranean, which the fleet of Æneas had traversed many years before. The long slavery of the Trojans was over. Under the leadership of the brave prince who had been sent to them in the fulfillment of prophecy, they were going forth to build a new Troy, and to establish a kingdom which should prove worthy of their illustrious ancestry. But where was it to be? This they could not tell, but they were confident that Brut would be guided of heaven and would lead them aright.

Fair winds blew, and the vessels held on their way without interruption, till they came to an island called Leogecia. No one knows any more about this island than about the places in Greece which have been mentioned in this story; but evidently it was one of the islands colonized by the ancient Greeks, for it contained a temple built in honor of some of the Greek gods.

Brut landed, with some of his followers, and found that the island was uninhabited. The people had all been driven away, doubtless, by the pirates who infested the great sea. Appreciating

the solemnity of the occasion, Brut entered the temple in a pious spirit, and made a solemn offering to Jupiter, Mercury, and Diana.

To Diana he addressed himself especially. Four times did he walk about her altar, as he poured out a libation to her, after having composed and recited a poetical prayer which closed with the following verses:

Look upon us on earth! Unfold our fate,
And say, what region is our destined seat?
Where shall we next our lasting temples raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

He then lay down, in the shadows of evening, before the sacred altar, hoping to be favored with some answer to his prayer. Sleep came to him, and he lay in a dreamless rest until the third hour of the night. Then he awakened, or seemed to awaken, and saw, or seemed to see, the goddess standing before him, robed in white and radiant in beauty. Her face wore an expression of affectionate encouragement, and her words and tones were full of dignity. It was thus she spoke:

Brutus, there lies, beyond the Gallic bounds,
An island which the western sea surrounds,
By giants once possessed; now few remain,
To bar thy entrance or obstruct thy reign.
To reach that happy shore, thy sails employ;
There Fate decrees to raise another Troy,
And found an empire in thy royal line,
Which time shall ne'er destroy, nor bounds confine.

The spirit of the young prince was at once raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and this he imparted to his followers when he related to them, on the following day, the story of his night's experience.

On they sailed to the Philenian Altars, and to Salinæ. Then they passed between Ruscicada and the mountains of Azara. But of all these places we know nothing.

They came to Mauretania, where is now Morocco, on the north coast of Africa, and would have sailed through the strait into the Atlantic but for the sea monsters which threatened to wreck their ships. Then they turned back toward Italy, and landed somewhere on the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, not far from the realms of the Latins and the Albans.

Here, to their surprise, they found people who spoke their language, and who proved to be, like themselves, descendants of the brave men of old Troy. There were, in fact, no less than four little nations, or tribes, of these Trojans. Their forefathers had accompanied Antenor, so they said, in the years long gone. Sailing from the Trojan city toward the setting sun, they had found a land where they might escape slavery; and here they had prospered and multiplied.

Chief among the new-found friends of Brut was Corineus, a young man of marvelous strength and

courage, who was destined to fill the world with his fame as a giant-killer. Such a man Brut would need in the island which he was to seek in the ocean; for the goddess had told him that some of the giants still remained there. Corineus agreed to accompany Brut, and a large number of the Trojans of the four kingdoms also joined the expedition.

With many new ships and a vast company of men, women, and children, the fleet of Brut again set sail, and now passed through Gibraltar into the untried Atlantic. Turning northward in the ocean, they sailed across the Bay of Biscay, and came to the country of Aquitaine, which is now southwestern France.

Landing here, they found themselves in the dominions of a king named Goffarius Pictus. Unfortunately, a quarrel arose. The dashing Corineus killed the king's general in a hand-to-hand fight. A great war followed, the principal battle of which was fought at Tours. Here Turonus, a Trojan hero, killed six hundred men with his heavy sword, cleaving their trunks, often, with a single stroke.

The terrific contest over, Brut again set sail, and followed up the coast of Gaul until he saw, to the northward, the shores of the vast island which he was destined to rule. His voyage was ended. He had far outdone his great-grandfather, Æneas, for he had sailed out of the world, and into the

great ocean. Rome had not yet been founded; nor was it to be for centuries to come. A mightier hero than Romulus was this Brut, and an earlier by many generations.

CHAPTER V

TROY NOVANT

WITH sails full-spread, and with banners proudly streaming, the Trojan fleet sped on, to the Isle of Albion. In the sheltered harbor of Totness, in what is now Devonshire, England, the ships came to anchor, and the multitude debarked upon the strand.

No poem equal to the "Æneid" has ever been written to describe the expedition of Brut, as Vergil related the exploits of Ænaes. Yet the landing of the Trojans in Albion is a subject possessing a high degree of poetic interest. It is connected with the first settlement of a vast island which was destined, after thousands of years, to be the seat of the greatest empire the world has ever known.

Seven hundred years ago, indeed, the story was told in a long and remarkable poem by Layamon, an English priest. This has been considered the first narrative poem written in our language. Certainly it was the first one written after the Norman Conquest, which caused the old Anglo-Saxon to be gradually transformed into English. But our language has changed so greatly since Layamon's time, that you would scarcely be able

to understand one of its thousands of short lines without help.

The poem is preserved to-day as a curious relic of old literature, and only a few patient scholars attempt to read much of it. Here is a paragraph taken from the beginning of the Second Book. It is the one most frequently used as a specimen of the whole.

FROM LAYAMON'S "BRUT"

An preost wes on leoden,
 Layamon wes iboten:
 he wes Leouenathes sone;
 liþe him beo brihten:
 he wonede at Ernleye,
 at aethelen are chirechen,
 uppen Seuarne stathe:
 sel thaþ him thubte:
 on fest Radestone,
 ther he bock radde.
 Hit com him on mode,
 and on his mern thonke,
 thet he wolde of Engle
 tha aethelaen tellen,
 wat heo iboten weoren,
 and wonene heo comen,
 tha Englene londe
 aerest ahten
 aetter than flode,
 the from crihtene com,
 the al her a=quelde
 quic that he funde.

A priest was in the land,
 Layamon was he called;
 He was Leovenath's son—
 May he be blest!
 He lived at Ernley,
 At a noble church
 Upon Severn's bank.
 Good he thought it there,
 Fast by Radestone,
 Where books he read.
 It came to him in mind,
 And in his chief thoughts,
 That he would of England
 The noble deeds tell;
 What they were named,
 And whence they came,
 Who the English land
 First possessed
 After the flood,
 Which from God came,
 That destroyed all those
 Living whom it found.

It was a pleasant experience for the Trojans to find themselves at last in a land which was to be their own. The shore at Totness was very agreeable to the view, and did not suggest the deep, dark forests of the interior. Here the Trojans gave themselves up to rejoicing for a time, and made plans for the glorious future which they were to have.

To Brut they gave all praise, and it was determined at the outset that the land should be named in his honor. The hero's name had been pronounced in Greece very much as though it were spelt *Brit*, for the Greeks had always a Frenchy way of pronouncing the vowel *u*; and thus it came that the name which the Trojans gave to the land sounded very much like *Britain*.

Probably the first plans of Brut related to the building of a city, which was to be the new Troy of the prophecy. But ere he could arrange for this he was drawn into a contest with the hideous giants who disputed his possession of the land. Now it was that the wonderful skill and strength of Corineus were of the greatest service. Many are the stories told of this hero's contests with the terrible creatures.

In the story-books Jack the Giant-killer appears as a boy. In the story of Brut he is a full-grown man, though not a very large man. His strength was wonderful, and his audacity astonishing. Giant after giant fell before his strokes, or became a victim of his cunning stratagems.

One of the most ferocious of these giants was a huge fellow named Goemagot, who came one day, with twenty others, to a place near the shore where the Trojans were feasting. Brut and his followers determined not to show any sign of fear. The giants pretended to be good-natured, and challenged any one of the Trojan party to a wrestling match with Goemagot. Corineus volunteered for a little friendly sparring, but was on the lookout for treachery. Goemagot grasped him with the grip of a vise, and broke three of his ribs—two on his right side and one on his left.

Stung with pain, and maddened at the treachery of his huge antagonist, Corineus put forth almost superhuman strength, in the mightiest effort of his life. Catching the giant at a disadvantage, he toppled him over; and then, before the latter could recover himself, half carried, half dragged him to the cliff overlooking the sea, and hurled him down into the abyss. The very place where this is said to have occurred is pointed out to this day. It is near Plymouth, England—the old city from which the Pilgrims sailed. It was long called “Lam Goemagot,” which meant “Goemagot’s Leap.” The English call it the Haw; long ago the name was spelt *Hogh*.

Another of the followers of Brut who won fame as a giant-killer was Debon, who contrived to induce the huge Coulin to jump across a deep pit more than one hundred and thirty feet wide.



CORINEUS AND GOEMAGOT.

The giant cleared the pit at a leap, but on his return he tripped—as the clever Debon had planned—and tumbled into the chasm, where he was easily despatched.

Another of the giants was Albion's son Godmer, who determined to kill Canutus, deeming him a dangerous enemy of the giant race. In his rage, Godmer hurled great boulders against him. But he only tired himself out by this kind of warfare, for the spry Trojan had no trouble in dodging the missiles of his slow and lumbering enemy, and finally found an opportunity to overthrow and kill him.

The pit into which Coulin fell, and the enormous stones hurled by Godmer, are mentioned by Spenser in the "Faerie Queene," as witnesses of these storied contests of the early Trojans with the giants. Other supposed witnesses, many in number, are the fragments of huge skeletons which have been found from time to time in the historic ages, and which indicate the great height and strength of creatures that once lived in the island.

Spenser's account of the war with the giants is contained in these quaint stanzas, which follow his first mention of Brut:

But ere he had establish-ed his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his savage fone,
In which he them defeated evermore,

And many giants left on groaning floor;
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goemut, whom, in stout 'fray,
Corineus conquer-ed and cruelly did slay,

And e'en that ample Pit, yet far renowned
For the large leap which Debon did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which returning back he fell.
But those three monstrous stones do most excel,
Which that huge son of hideous Albion
(Whose father, Hercules in France did quell),
Great Godmer, threw in fierce contenti-on,
At bold Canutus, but of him was slain anon.

After the giants were killed, Brut rewarded the heroes who had conquered them. To Corineus he gave the strip of seashore to the southwest, which long bore the name of its owner—a name that succeeding ages have corrupted into "Cornwall." Debon's share of the island is now Devonshire—not much changed in sound, as you will perceive.

And now for the building of the city which was to become the seat of the world's greatest empire. Like the Troy of old, and like the Rome that was yet to be, this was not built immediately upon the seashore, but some miles from the sea, where a sluggish river broadened out, and the banks were level. When the site was once chosen, the city

rose as by magic. The forests about it were cleared, and fields were sown.

The town lay on the north bank of the river. It was soon humming with industry. Its streets were thronged with people, its shops were filled with merchandise of Trojan art, its river-front was lined with boats laden with the stores of husbandry and the spoils of the chase.

"Troy Novant," or "New Troy," was the name given to the rising metropolis. Its temples contained altars for the worship of the old gods of Greece and Troy, and its priests offered sacrifices to propitiate these divinities. The future greatness of Troy Novant (London) was the constant theme of the Troynovantes, as we may call the people of the city.

Thus in the dim twilight of time, long before the dawn of history, was founded the city which is the metropolis of the world to-day. Spenser says:

For loyal Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troy Novant was built of old Troy's ashes cold.

A thousand years later, when the Romans were conquering the island, they found the city inhabited by a brave and powerful people whom they called, in their histories, the *Trinobantes*. But that is about as near as the Romans ever came to getting the correct name of a foreign nation.

The Romans held possession of Britain for several centuries; then came the Angles and

Saxons; then the Danes, or Northmen; then the Norman French. And through all the long course of written history, from the Roman times to the present, the same city has remained a seat of government, extending its power farther and farther over the world. What is called reliable history relating to Britain begins with the advent of the Romans, more than nineteen hundred and fifty years ago. But what of the thousand years, or more, before that time, which carry us back to Brut and to the founding of Troy Novant?

We have the story that is told of all this long period. How much of it is true, no one can tell. The story was long believed, and was contained in the old histories of England. Since it is for the most part very doubtful, its true place is the realm of folklore. This is not reliable as history, but is often more interesting and picturesque; moreover, it gives us some idea of the peoples to whom it relates. Whatever were the original facts, they have been unconsciously varied in the constant retelling of the story, and colored by the mistakes of unscientific ages.

We learn from scientists that the bones of supposed giants which have been unearthed in England are really the bones of the mastodon and the mammoth—extinct animals like the elephant. Rarely is a complete skeleton of one of these extinct animals found. Here and there a bone or a few bones will come to light. The hind legs of

the elephant have knees, like the knees of a man. Its leg-bones and its ribs, or those of the mastodon or the mammoth, might easily be mistaken for monstrous human relics, by a people knowing nothing of the science of comparative zoölogy. Probably it was the discovery of such bones that led to a belief in giants, in the first place.

Critics tell us, moreover, that the name Albion came from the old Celtic word *alb*, or *alp*, which means a mountain or cliff, and which is to this day applied to the Alps Mountains in Central Europe. They tell us, too, that the word Britain was probably derived from an old Celtic word referring to a custom which the Britons had of staining their bodies with the juice of a plant called *woad*. They deny that Cornwall and Devonshire derived their names from the friends of Brut.

Then where did the Britons come from? Their descendants—the people of Wales and Cornwall—cannot answer the question in a way to satisfy the critics. But we have the old, old stories which have been handed down for many ages, and which have been written in books for more than seven hundred years. And while, doubtless, they are full of mistakes, they are the only accounts we have of the time preceding recorded history. They are ours to read and to enjoy; and we may be sure that they contain something of truth, after all. Besides, they have become so related to literature that we cannot afford to be wholly ignorant of them.

Let us follow, then, the story of Brut and his people, through the shadowy period before the Roman times; and as we follow it down to the period where history really begins, we may believe that it grows more probable and loses much of the fanciful character of the earlier chapters.

CHAPTER VI

LOCRRIN AND GUENDOLCÆNA

IF THE story of the early kings of Troy Novant is very doubtful, so also, it must be said, is the narrative of the early kings of Rome. It would seem that the ancient nations sought to match or to outdo one another in their pride of long descent from illustrious ancestors.

When the Romans found the more cultured Greek nations boasting of their ancient heroes of the war of Troy, *they* remembered, or tried to remember, that they themselves were descendants of heroes of the same war. And when the Britons, a little before the time of Christ, began to feel the weight of the Roman arms, and to hear the boastings of a Trojan ancestry, *they* perhaps even then put forth the claim of a Trojan origin dating still farther back.

The Romans claimed but seven ancient kings, about whom their stories centered. The Britons claimed scores of kings. The Romans claimed for the founding of their city a date which was seven hundred and fifty-three years before Christ. The Britons claimed for Troy Novant an antiquity greater by three centuries or more.

The truth is that at the time of the Roman

invasion of Britain, under Julius Cæsar, the city of Rome was a great metropolis of perhaps a million inhabitants, while London (or Londinium, as the Romans called the chief city of the Trinobantes) was nothing more than a provincial town.

Yet, for all that, the place may have been very old. One thing is clear: Whether the ancient Britons were really connected with the Trojans or not, they had enjoyed communication with the people of the Far East since the very earliest days of Rome; for Britain had been sought out for its tin by the Phœnicians in the days before Roman history began, and had traded with that shrewd and cultured nation of ancient Yankees when Rome was an unknown village of rude huts. The Phœnicians lived farther east than the ruins of Troy; and thus the Britons did have some connection with Eastern culture, at least as early as the Romans had.

The story of Brut and his descendants who ruled over the Britons is briefly told in a remarkable poem entitled the "Polyolbion," by Michael Drayton—a noted English poet of the days of Queen Elizabeth. We hear little of Drayton now, though critics declare that he was worthy of a long remembrance. Drayton's "Polyolbion" (the name signifying "great riches") is a collection of "poems of place," and combines descriptions of localities in England and Wales with accounts of historical or legendary characters associated with them.

It is interesting to read a few verses of this composition, in order to learn something of the appearance and sound of a French poem; for the long lines called Alexandrines, in rhymed couplets, form the classic meter of the French, though they are not popular in English. In the Eighth Canto, or "Song," of the "Polyolbion" are the following lines, in which we note a feeling of pride in the legend that the British metropolis is some centuries older, even, than Rome:

How mighty was that man, and mighty still to be,
 That gave this isle his name, and to his children three
 Their kingdoms in the same, which time doth ne'er decay,
 With his arrival here, and primer monarchy!

* * * * * *

The ancient Britons yet a sceptered king obeyed,
 Three hundred years before great Rome's foundations laid;
 And had a thousand years an empire strongly stood,
 Ere Cæsar to her shores here stemmed the circling flood.

The kings of Troy Novant led tragic lives, from the beginning. King Brut had three sons, born of the beautiful Ignoge, whom we last saw fainting in the arms of her young husband, as her native land receded from the ship in which she was borne away.

These sons were Locrin, Albanact, and Camber, all of whom grew to manhood in the young city of Troy Novant. Ere Brut died, after his long life of great achievements, he divided his kingdom

among them. To Locrin, the eldest, was given the sovereignty of the realm. Camber was made lord of the mountainous tract to the west, which we now call Wales, but which the Romans called Cambria—as do the Welsh (with a little modification) to this day. To Albanact was assigned the northern country, which was named, in his honor, Albania (Scotland), from which “Albany” is derived.

Locrin married Guendolcæna, the daughter of Corineus the Giant-killer. She was a woman of great force of character, and was destined eventually to act the rôle of a heroine.

The reign of Locrin was disturbed by an invasion of barbarians from the north, who poured like a flood into the lands which the Trojans had cleared and made fruitful. Humber was the leader of these hordes. The two kings met for a great battle upon the banks of the river anciently known as the Abus, where, after a long fight, Locrin was victorious, and Humber was driven into the river and drowned. The barbarian's name was given to the stream, and also to the country to the north, which is known to-day as Northumberland.

Proud of his victory, the king returned to Troy Novant, where he developed a spirit of self-indulgence in no wise heroic. He surrounded himself with a showy court, and came to regard himself as amenable to no law of justice or of

right. He began to neglect his queen, who had shared with him the toils of government; and he fell into temptation which so often besets a king who lives for pleasure.

Among his captives in the war was a maiden named Estrild, for whom he conceived a strong passion; and though polygamy was not a custom of his race, he set a bad example by claiming her as his wife. She bore him a beautiful daughter, whose name was Sabrina. For some years Queen Guendolœna suffered in silence the affront placed upon her, and sought to win back her faithless spouse. It was of no avail. The king was immersed in his sensual pleasures, and thought nothing of his duty to his queen and to his people.

Guendolœna retired to Cornwall, and determined upon vengeance. Many of the citizens of Troy Novant were disaffected toward the king. They recognized in Guendolœna the strong spirit of her father, the Giant-killer, and they enlisted under her banner in full confidence of victory over Locrin.

The king was greatly alarmed. He raised an army and marched forth to suppress the rebellion against his authority. Estrild and Sabrina—who had now become a young woman—accompanied him.

It was a dreadful spectacle—the king and queen at war, and their partisans engaged in destroying one another. On the banks of a large river the



SABRINA.—*Frost*

battle raged. The king was taken prisoner, and his followers were scattered in flight. Estrild and her daughter made frantic efforts to escape from the angry queen, but without success. Estrild was seized as she was crossing a creek, and was slain before her daughter's eyes, notwithstanding their piteous pleas for life. As for Sabrina, she was hurled into the river, and rapidly borne away by the current. Ever afterward the river bore the name of this "sad virgin," who was in no wise to blame for the misfortunes of her life. The name is now corrupted into "Severn."

There is a notable painting by Frost, entitled "Sabrina," in which that unhappy maiden is depicted as a goddess of the stream, or symbol of the river itself. She is represented as being borne down the current beneath the surface, surrounded by her nymphs, who are as much at home under the water as in the air above.

Guendolæna returned to Troy Novant, to reign alone until her son Maddan, who was then a child, should reach the age of manhood. She was the first reigning queen of Britain, and one of the first in all the world. Britain has never exhibited a prejudice against the sway of a queen. Always her people have had memories of the beneficent influences of women in the purple, from the earliest reigns of prehistoric legend.

According to one version of the story, Locrin was not killed, but was imprisoned to the end of

his days—the first of the many royal captives who have looked out between the bars of grated windows upon the river and the shore. In the tower where he was confined he had ample time to reflect upon the misspent years of his life, and the suffering which he had caused.

It is interesting to note that the tragic story of Locrin's reign once formed the subject of a spurious drama which bore the name of Shakespeare as its author. In spite of its romantic subject and of its high claim to authorship, the play was poorly written, and was soon dropped.

Spenser says of the forceful British queen:

Then [as] for her son, which she to Locrine bore,
 Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway;
 In her own hand the crown she kept in store,
 Till riper years he raught [reached], and stronger stay;
 During which time her power she did display,
 Through all the realm the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey.

But when her son to man's estate did wex,
 She it surrend'red, ne herself would longer vex.

CHAPTER VII

THE TWENTY GERMANS

WHEN Maddan reached the age of maturity, Queen Guendolœna retired to Cornwall, leaving to him the throne of Britain. For forty years, it is said, he reigned in peace. His sons seem to have inherited the evil nature of their grandfather, Locrin. Their names were Mempricius and Malim.

Scarcely was King Maddan dead when these sons began to contend with each other for the supreme power.

Mempricius treacherously induced his brother to enter into a conference with him, and then murdered the prince before the eyes of the assembled ambassadors. The entire reign of Mempricius was marked with crime. He deserted his wife, and took up with guilty favorites. He murdered, secretly or openly, one nobleman after another, till there were scarcely any left in the kingdom.

After twenty years of tyranny and vice unspeakable, this monster came to his end. One day, when engaged in hunting, he withdrew from his attendants and descended into a valley, where he was suddenly surrounded by a pack of ravenous

wolves, which tore him to pieces. He was succeeded by his son Ebraucus, a young man of gigantic stature and marvelous strength.

The new king was a prince of ambitious mind, and set about enlarging his kingdom. He was the first British sovereign to invade the mainland of Europe. He ravaged the coast of Gaul, and carried away rich treasures of gold and silver.

Then turning his attention to the improvement of his kingdom at home, he built a new city far to the north, beyond the Humber, and named it Caer-Ebraucum. Centuries later the Romans corrupted the latter part of the name into *Eboracum*, from which has come the word "York." So the name of our own great metropolis, New York, may be traced all the way back to this legendary king. Still farther to the north he built Agned, now Edinburgh.

The story of King Ebraucus is very strange. He took to himself twenty wives, by whom he had twenty sons and thirty daughters. The boys, when they were grown, all went to the interior of northern Europe, and the girls were sent to Italy, where they were eventually married. The twenty brothers created a great stir when they advanced into the northern lands. They became famous as "the twenty *germans*." The word meant, then, simply *brothers*, or *near relations*. We still use it in the latter sense when we speak of first cousins as cousins-german.



ANCIENT GERMANS AT A WAR FEAST

The twenty germans were all ready for military adventure, and soon found it to their hand. They attracted to them the bright young men of the South, and with the assistance of these they conquered tribe after tribe. The country which they subdued was called, in their honor, Germany, as the legend relates.

Ebraucus himself attempted to complete the conquest of Gaul, but miserably failed. His son, the second Brut, who followed him, was more successful. He acquired the surname Scuth Guiridh, which means "Greenshield," from the great emerald shield which he carried very conspicuously in battle.

A long period of peace followed the reigns of these warlike kings, beginning with King Leil, who built the city of Caer-Leil, now New Carlisle. After him came Hudibras, who founded Caer-Lem (Canterbury), Caer-Guen (Winchester), and Paladur (Shaftesbury). The last named was built upon a mountain. While its walls were building, it is said, an eagle *spoke* with a loud voice, and was heard by many, who marveled at the miracle, and took note of the words spoken. But not even a hint has come down to us as to what the eagle said.

Michael Drayton speaks thus of the building of ancient cities of Britain:

Nor Troy Novant alone a city long did stand,
But after, soon again, by Ebrauc's powerful hand,

York lifts her towers aloft, which scarcely finished was,
But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,
Kent's first and famous town with Winchester arose,
And others others built, as they fit places chose.

CHAPTER VIII

KING LEAR

BLADUD, who next came to the throne, is notable among the legendary kings, both as a ruler of remarkable attainments, and as the father of Leir, or Lear, who is famous the world over as the hero of a great tragedy by Shakespeare.

Bladud, it is said, was sent in his youth to Greece, to improve his education. The Greeks, even in that day, were more advanced in civilization than any other people of Europe. Many centuries later it became the custom of the Roman nobles to send their sons to Greece to be educated. The story of Bladud gave the Britons a claim to an earlier use of the opportunities for culture in the East; for Rome had not yet been founded.

Bladud had a bright, inquiring mind, and he eagerly studied the civilization of the Greeks, imbibing their love for art and literature. It is said that at Athens he even excelled the priests who instructed him.

Returning to Britain, he at once sought to interest his court in many lines of improvement. His attention was attracted to the springs discovered at a place which he afterward named

Caer-Badon. The waters were found to possess medicinal virtues of a high order. He conceived the idea of building here a resort for health-seekers. His enterprise was highly successful. The place is now the city of Bath, world-famous for its healthful waters. He solemnly dedicated to Minerva the city and its springs, and erected there a temple for her worship.

King Bladud lost his life in an attempt to fly; so the enthusiasts of to-day who are trying to perfect a flying machine may have an idea of the long, long time that this problem has been studied by their predecessors. The wings failed to support the adventurous king. He fell heavily upon the roof of the temple of Apollo in Troy Novant, and was instantly killed.

The long reign of Bladud's son—King Leir, or Lear—was a period of peace and of prosperity. Only in his old age did misfortunes come upon him; but then they were of so cruel a nature that the readers of Shakespeare are inexpressibly saddened by their portrayal. Indeed, it is the feeling of many that Shakespeare's drama of "King Lear" should never be put upon the stage, because of its sadness.

Lear had no son to succeed him, but he had three daughters—Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia—all of whom treated him with great respect, though the two eldest were wicked at heart, and feigned for him a love which they did not feel. Goneril

was married to the Duke of Albany, and Regan to the Duke of Cornwall. Cordelia, the youngest, was not married, but her hand was sought at the same time by the King of Gaul and the Duke of Burgundy, both of whom are represented as being present at the court at the time when the drama opens.

The old king, feeling that his death could not be far off, rashly determined to abdicate, leaving the government to "younger strengths" for the remainder of his life, and maintaining, for his dignity, only a royal guard of chosen knights.



CORDELIA

Before making a division of his kingdom, he asked his daughters, separately, how much they loved him.

Goneril fairly outdid herself in extravagant professions of love and loyalty. So fulsome was her flattery that the king, had he not been old and childish, might have detected at once its insincerity and absurdity. But he did not. Regan, in her

turn, sought to go further, if possible, than her sister in her protestations. She had not words, she said, to express her love for him. The true-hearted and sensible Cordelia knew not what to say in competition with her sisters, and resolved to make no such attempt. She replied simply and sensibly that her love was what her duty bade, neither more nor less.

The foolish king, instead of commending her sensible course, considered her wanting in affection, and obstinate; and he warned her of his extreme displeasure. The honest girl repeated her statement; she insisted that a wife's love and duty were due in part to her husband, and that hers would be, when she should marry; and she showed her disapproval of the insincere and excessive laudations of her sisters. The old king, becoming enraged, excluded her from any share in his kingdom, which he divided between Goneril and Regan. Cordelia, though she had been his favorite child, was given to the King of Gaul as a dowerless bride, and left the home of her childhood under the cloud of her father's wrath and her sisters' scorn.

The Earl of Kent endeavored in vain to change the determination of the headstrong monarch; and though he had been a faithful friend and servitor of the king, he so aroused the royal fury that he was commanded to leave the kingdom within five days, on pain of death.



KING LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS,—*Schmitz*

It was arranged that the king, after his abdication, should retain his title while he should live, and that, with his retinue of a hundred knights, he should live alternately with Goneril and Regan. The two elder daughters, when they had secured from their aged father his power and wealth, ignored their former protestations of affection, broke their promises, and treated him with heartless meanness, compelling him to discharge his body-guard, which was all he had left to remind him of his days of kingship. Finding life unendurable with them, he turned to Cordelia, whom he himself had treated with such injustice.

Cordelia, when she learned that her father had arrived in Gaul, wept bitterly to learn of his wretched condition, and at once sent to him a guard of honor, with a supply of money and of royal apparel. He was then received at court in a manner becoming his dignity, and an army was immediately raised to reestablish him upon his throne.

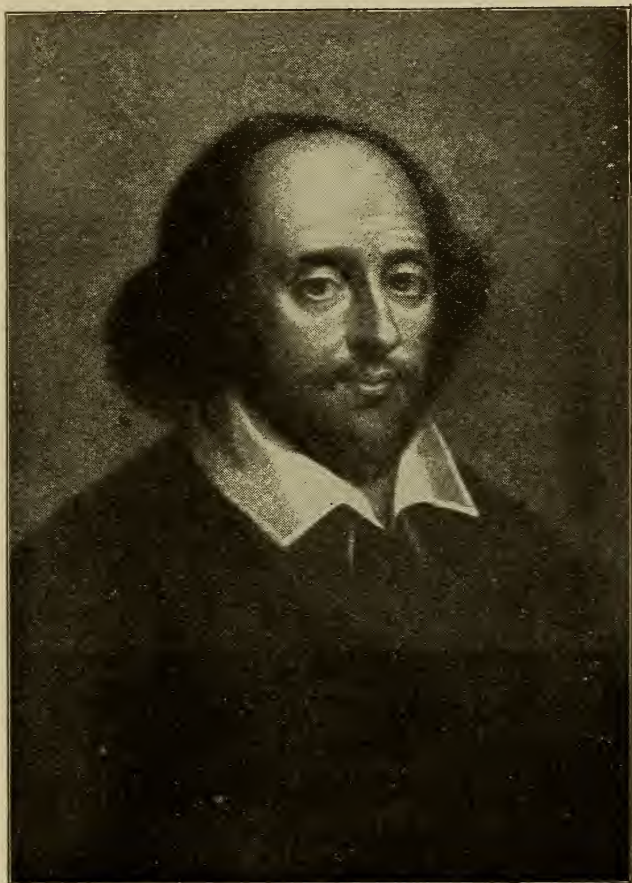
The invasion of Britain was successful, and the old king lived to reign for three years more. When he died, Cordelia succeeded to the crown.

She prepared for her father a singular burial place, under the bed of the river in the city of Leicester, which he had builded, and which had been originally named "Caer-Leir" (later, the Leir-ester of the Saxons).

Cordelia did not remain long in power, but was

overthrown by her two nephews, who cast her into prison. Unable to endure her sorrows, she took her own life in her cell; and the unworthy nephew Cunedagius, having overthrown his cousin Morgan, reigned alone.

In Shakespeare's drama of "King Lear" the good Earl of Kent, though ill-treated by the rash king, disguises himself as a servant in order that he may remain and serve his royal master, all unknown to him. The king's fool also remains faithful to him, and



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

cheers him with his merriment, which often conceals a heavy heart.

When the old king finds himself treated with neglect and insolence by Goneril, and repairs to

the home of Regan, he discovers that the former has preceded him, and has incited the latter to treat their father with even greater ignominy. Regan refuses to admit any of his guard. Though a storm is raging, the proud old man turns from her door into the rain and darkness, with only his fool for a companion. And thus upon the plain he is discovered by the Earl of Kent, who finds for him a shelter in a hovel where an insane beggar has taken refuge.

In the morning, after the storm, the good earl conveys the half-crazed king to Dover Castle, where they take ship for France (Gaul). The meeting of the father and daughter is a beautiful and pathetic scene.

In Britain Goneril and Regan develop their evil natures. Each is enamored of a wicked man named Edmund. When the husband of Regan dies, the widow indicates her intention to marry this adventurer; and Goneril, through jealousy, causes her to be poisoned. Goneril herself, her crimes being made known, commits suicide. The good earl remains with the king to the last.

The Seventh Scene of Act IV of Shakespeare's drama portrays the interview between Cordelia and King Lear, when the aged sovereign first sees his daughter after taking refuge in France.

In a tent in the French camp Cordelia, her physician, and the Earl of Kent are present, with the aged king, who lies upon a bed, asleep. Soft music



KING LEAR IN 'THE STORM.—*West*

is playing, and the watchers are waiting for the sleeper to awaken. The scene is as follows:

Cordelia. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cordelia. Be better suited;*
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam:
Yet to be known shortens my made intent.*
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cordelia. Then be't so, my good lcrd.—How does the
king?

Doctor. Madam, sleeps still.

Cordelia. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doctor. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cordelia. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will.—Is he array'd?*

Gentleman. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doctor. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

* Dressed.

Cordelia.

Very well.

Doctor. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cordelia. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent.

Kind and dear princess!

Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cordelia. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia.

Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cordelia. Still, still, far wide!

Doctor. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity,
 To see another thus. I know not what to say.
 I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
 I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
 Of my condition!

Cordelia. O, look upon me, sir,
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
 No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
 I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
 And, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is, and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know you do not love me, for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cordelia. No cause, no cause

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doctor. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is kill'd in him; and yet 'tis danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cordelia. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget and
forgive; I am old and foolish.

[Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.]

CHAPTER IX

FERREX AND PORREX

RIVALLO, the son of Cunedagius, succeeded to the throne of the Britons. In his time, it was averred, a red rain of blood fell from heaven. The people were frightened at this awful visitation. The singular storm did not abate like an ordinary rain. For three days and three nights together the horrible flood continued, until pools of blood were everywhere found in the hollows of the land. The pools turned to sickening corruption, and thousands of people died.

If the strange prodigies related by the Britons were like those of other nations, it would be easy to claim that they were borrowed from the folklore of the world. But the rain of blood from heaven in Rivallo's day—like the speaking of the eagle in the time of Leil—seems to be peculiarly British. Probably the legends of both miracles relate to natural phenomena not understood. To peoples ignorant of natural science many unusual phenomena are deemed miraculous, and inspire a pious awe.

Gurgustius followed Rivallo; then Sisilius; then Jago, the nephew of the latter; then Kinmarcus and, later, his son Gorbogudo, or Gorboduc. The

last-named is the subject of the first tragedy written in the English language. This was once very famous, and is still read with interest by many students of literature, though it is not now played in theaters.

The family of the king was not a happy one. He had two sons, Ferrex and Porrex, both of whom were ambitious to succeed him. The queen, whose name was Viden, or Widen, was devoted to Ferrex, who appears to have been less ambitious than his brother. Both princes seemed to be impatient of the long rule of their father, and they gave him no rest until he divided his kingdom between them. This act appears not to have been a voluntary one, for some say that the sons imprisoned Gorboduc. At all events, he was shorn of all his power in the kingdom.

The monster of ambition gained complete possession of the heart of Porrex. He even plotted the assassination of his brother. The latter, through a friend, became aware of the design against his life, and made good his escape across the Channel. He was kindly received by Suard, the King of the Gauls. Suard soon led an army into Britain, to assert the rights of the exile. But the Gauls were no match for Porrex, who utterly defeated and scattered the invaders, in a single battle. Ferrex was among the slain.

Queen Viden was aroused to madness at the death of her favorite son. It is altogether

probable that her own life was not safe. At all events, she determined upon a terrible vengeance. Against the unlimited power of Porrex she matched her own cunning. She seems to have taken none of the soldiers or officers into her confidence. Indeed, it would appear that she did not communicate her plan to any man. Perhaps she dissembled even her grief when in the presence of the young king.

She secured the coöperation of some women of the court whom she could trust implicitly. Then when a favorable opportunity came, she succeeded in stealing into the chamber where the king lay asleep. Her women accompanied her, and were well armed. The infuriated mother buried an ax in the brain of the youth as he slept. Nor was she satisfied then with what she had done. Her attendants struck the dead body again and again, until it was literally hewn to pieces.

Thus died the last descendant of Brut. The royal line became extinct. When the deed of Viden became known, there was a great uproar of the people. Gorboduc was dead. Viden alone remained to represent the royal power. There was a fierce feeling of resentment against her, and she was driven from the throne. Dire confusion long reigned in Britain, in the absence of any legitimate authority. Many false claimants arose and contended, one with another, for the supreme power.

The tragedy of "Gorboduc" was written nearly three and a half centuries ago, by Thomas Sackville, the Earl of Dorset, and was acted before Queen Elizabeth early in her reign. It was not like most English plays, for it generally followed the model of the Greek drama.

It must be remembered that, while the ancient Greeks had theaters and plays hundreds of years before Christ, our English drama is not modeled after theirs, but had an independent origin. The English drama began in the churches, as a means of educating the people in religious belief and knowledge; and its subjects were at first taken usually from the Bible. This was in the time when books were scarce, and the populace could not read.

In the Greek drama there was a chorus at the end of each act. The chorus was rendered in concert by a number of men. It consisted largely of comments on the scenes enacted, its purpose being to explain the play and to impress the moral upon the auditors.

Sackville, being a classical scholar, deemed it



THOMAS SACKVILLE

best to imitate the Greek plays, and, accordingly, prepared choruses to follow the acts. Milton, likewise, followed the Greek models in his drama entitled "Samson Agonistes," which was written to be read, not played. But these plays are exceptional in English literature.

Our drama—carried to the highest degree of perfection by William Shakespeare in the great days of Queen Elizabeth—has a form of its own, and is without the chorus.

The part of Sackville's tragedy of "Gorboduc" which is best known to-day is the chorus of the fifth act, following the murder of Porrex. You will be interested to read the following lines of this chorus, since they show the pains taken in former days to impress upon the spectators the moral of the play:

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of Heaven's wrath;
But, with contempt of God's and man's despite,

Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To final scepter and accursed reign.
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Nor dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain!

O wretched prince! Nor dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft Morgain his life with cousin's hand?

Thus final plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still before the Heaven's face,
With endless mischief on the cursed brood.

The wicked child thus brings to woful sire
The mournful complaints, to waste his weary life;
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife;

And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dread, black stream of mourning, plaint, and woe.

With the exception of its choruses, our first English tragedy was written in blank verse. This form of versification was new in the English language, and had never before been heard upon the stage. Fortunately, it was adopted by Shakespeare, and has been the verse of our dramas in all succeeding periods. The French and the Spanish do not possess this form of poetry, and their tragedies are written in rhyme, which detracts from their merits, from our standpoint. Critics declare that we should be grateful to Sackville for the "emancipation" of our drama from the fetters of rhymed verse.

One critic remarks how astonished he was to find in British legendary lore so admirable a plot for a tragedy as the story of Ferrex and Porrex, and says it "might have been a better direction to Shakespeare and Jonson than any which they had the luck to follow."

Spenser, in the "Faerie Queene," thus comments on the story:

But O! the greedy thirst of royal crown,
That knows no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stirr'd Porrex up to put his brother down,
Who, unto him assembling foreign might,
Made war on him, and fell himself in fight:
Whose death t' avenge, his mother merciless,
Most merciless of women, Wyden hight [named],
Her other son last sleeping did oppress,
And with most cruel hand him murd'red pitiless.

Here ended Brutus' sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre borne,
With high renown and great felicity;
The noble branch from th' antique stock was torn
Through discord, and the royal throne forlorn.
Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus boasted to be born,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Britons' glory ancient

CHAPTER X

BELINUS AND BRENNIUS

THE royal line having become extinct, a new dynasty was established after a period of much confusion. Among the various chiefs who strove for the mastery was Dunwallo of Cornwall, who excelled all the others in native ability and in graces of person. He defeated his rivals in a great battle, and then commanded a body of picked men to array themselves in the armor of their slain enemies. Thus disguised, his soldiers had little difficulty in deceiving and surprising his foes in later engagements, in which he won continued success.

Having overcome all opposition, he was crowned King of Britain. He determined that his reign should be famous for the triumphs of peace, and he sought to promote the advancement of his people in civilization and culture.

Dunwallo is known as "the British Numa," in allusion to the second King of Rome, whose reign was marked by the establishment of Roman institutions of great and lasting value. The British ruler procured for himself a crown of gold, as a symbol of greater refinement of the royal power. He prepared a code of laws which endured for centuries, being known as the Molmutine Laws.

He added solemnity and dignity to the worship of the nation's gods, and impressed upon the people the sacredness of the temples. The latter became places of refuge, where no violence could enter, and where fugitives were safe from pursuit. Later, even the highways leading to the temples were declared to be holy ground; and men who could not be otherwise deterred from violence were restrained on the sacred roads by the awe which they felt for the Power above. The plows of the farmers were likewise declared sacred, and thieves became afraid to steal them.

After a beneficent reign of forty years, Dunwallo died, and was buried near the Temple of Concord, which he himself had built in the city of Troy Novant.

He left two sons, who were destined to achieve great distinction, and to be remembered for ages with peculiar interest. Their names were Belinus and Brennius. Belinus became king, but gave to his ambitious younger brother a large part of his kingdom, to the north. After a few years, Brennius went to Norway and married the daughter of Elsingius, the Norse king.

The lady had been loved by Guichthlac, King of the Danes. The latter at once put to sea, and sought his rival. A great naval battle ensued, in which the royal Dane captured the ship containing the bride. In a storm which followed, Guichthlac was separated from all the fleet except two Danish

ships, and one other which he had captured from Brennius. With these he was driven upon the northern British coast. Here he fell into the hands of Belinus, who received him with great joy, having learned that Brennius was preparing to make a contest for the throne of Britain.

Brennius soon arrived at home with his fleet, and demanded his wife and government, threatening, in case of refusal, to lay waste the entire island. Both were refused, and a great battle followed, in which the forces of Brennius were routed. With a single ship and a few companions, Brennius made his escape from the kingdom. The Danish king was permitted to return home with his stolen bride, on condition of his paying an annual tribute to Belinus, and acknowledging the sovereignty of the latter over Denmark.

Belinus now, following the course of his father, devoted himself to the building of great paved roads from one end of Britain to the other.

Meanwhile, Brennius, who had fled to the south-east, went with twelve companions to the court of Seginus, a Celtic prince, where he won the favor of all the nobles, and took in marriage the daughter of his host. Within a year Seginus died, leaving no son to succeed him, and Brennius succeeded in making himself the leader of his wife's people, and of their allies. He soon arranged to invade Britain with a formidable following.

Brennius and Belinus were about to engage in a

terrible battle when their mother, Conwenna, succeeded, by a strong appeal, in reconciling them one to another; and they entered Troy Novant in peace and friendship, there to plan for a grand career upon the continent of Europe.

The scheme of the two brothers was carried out. They conquered the vast country of the Gauls. They invaded Italy; they even took the city of Rome. Here Brennius died, after a marvelous career of war and plunder, and Belinus returned alone to Britain.

Rome in the time of Brennius was by no means the "terror of the world," but its later greatness has caused the incursion of the Gauls to assume an exaggerated importance.

William Warner, who lived in the great literary period of Queen Elizabeth, and was an English poet, though of no great merit, wrote a long poem entitled "Albion's England," which is still found in some libraries, but is little read. Concerning the sacking of Rome by Brennius, and other acts of that chieftain in Italy, Warner says as follows:

The stateliest townes in Italie
Had Brenn their builder, and
Even Rome, the terror of the world,
Did at his mercie stand.

The Senate, giving to the earth
Erewhile both warre and peace,
Could not themselves, their citie, scarce
Their Cappitoll release.



BRENNIUS SACKING ROME

This, with the god and goods, the Gawles
Did put to sacke and spoyle;
And whilst incamp-ed here they kept
Such sacreligious coyle,
That most did perish, fewe disperse,
And all were out of harte,
Yet Brenn himself, discourag-ed,
Did change in every part.

Belinus spent his last years in building up his kingdom at home. He founded upon the Usk River a city which he called *Caer-Ose*, but which the Romans at a later period renamed the City of Legions, from the legions of their soldiers who were quartered there. This is the Newport of our own day.

He built at Troy Novant a large tower, with a gateway once known as Belinus's gate, which name became corrupted into "*Billingsgate*," and has come down to us in that form. In recent centuries this spot has been famous as a fish-market, and has acquired an unfortunate reputation for foul and profane language. In fact, the word "*billingsgate*" is now used as a common noun, to mean coarse and indecent speech.

The people of Britain grew in wealth and culture during the reign of Belinus. When he died, his body was burned, and the ashes were deposited in a golden urn, which was placed at the top of the great tower that he had built.

How much truth there is in the story of Belinus and Brennius, we cannot know. Historians agree

that the city of Rome was taken, and almost wholly burned, by a horde of northern invaders whom they called Gauls, about the year 390 B. C., and that the invaders consented to retire only upon receiving a heavy ransom. The leader of the invaders was called Brennus, but perhaps he did not come from Britain. When the Britons were conquered by the Romans, some centuries later, it may have been a matter of some consolation for them to believe that the old conqueror of Rome was one of their own princes.

There is a story told in an old English drama about the sword of Belinus, which is worth repeating. Swords, like men, had names in the old days, as it appears. The name of this sword was Trifingus. This ponderous blade, which had cleft the skull of many a warrior in its day, was hidden away in the heart of a mighty oak tree, where it remained for ages. Not till the power of the Britons was put forth for a last, desperate resistance to the Romans was it taken from its hiding place; and then it animated its possessors to the most heroic efforts to throw off the foreign yoke. You will read of this again, later on.

The period of the great and good Dunwallo and his famous sons is thus described by Spenser in the "Faerie Queene":

Then up arose a man of matchless might,
And wondrous wit to manage high affairs,

Who, stirr'd with pity of the stressed plight
Of this sad realm, cut into sundry shares
By such as claim'd themselves Brute's rightful heirs,
Gather'd the princes of the people loose
To taken counsel of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him straight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or lose.

Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in visi-on;
By which he freed the traveller's high-way,
The church's part, and ploughman's porti-on,
Restraining stealth and strong extorti-on:
The gracious Numa of Great Brittany.
For, till his days, the chief domini-on
By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity.

Donwallo died (for what may live for aye?),
And left two sons, of peerless prowess both,
That sack-ed Rome too dearly did assay,
The recompense of their perjurered oath;
And ransack'd Greece well tried, when they were
wroth,
Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speak, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Brittany.

CHAPTER XI

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

GURGIUNT followed his father, Belinus, and was the second to wear the crown of gold. When the Danish king refused to pay the tribute which he had rendered in the preceding reign, Gurgiant invaded and conquered Denmark. Many centuries later, when the land of Britain passed under the sway of the Danes, it was doubtless pleasing to its inhabitants to boast that in their legendary days the conditions were reversed:

As the victorious Gurgiant sailed home from the scene of his conquest, he met a fleet of Spanish ships, on board of which an unfortunate band of exiles had passed a year and a half on the open seas. The wanderers begged him to give them a home in his kingdom, and he assigned to them an unoccupied tract of land in Ireland. Indeed, the legend declares that at this time Ireland was wholly uninhabited. Whatever may be the truth in this story of Irish colonization, it is accepted as a fact that the Irish people have a strong admixture of Spanish in their ancestry. The Spanish exiles called themselves Barclenses, and their chief Partholoim.

Guithelin followed Gurgiant, and reigned in

peace and prosperity. Even more famous than he was his queen, Martia, whom Spenser calls

A woman worthy of immortal praise.

This royal lady was possessed of rare wisdom and learning, and a strong sense of justice. She fairly earned a place among the notable law-givers of the world. The Martian Laws, a code supposed to have been named in her honor, existed with little or no change for a vast period of time. A thousand years ago they were translated into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great.

Guithelin died, leaving a son, Sisilius, but seven years old. The great Queen Martia was made regent, and ruled during the minority of the prince; and again Britain learned to respect the sway of a woman.

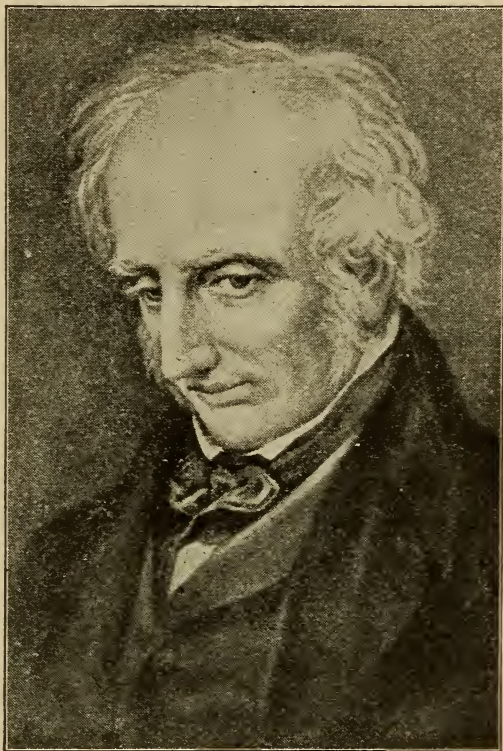
Sisilius was succeeded by his two sons, Kimarus and Danius; then came Morvidus, a depraved son of the latter king.

Morvidus, though able, and handsome in person, was a man of furious temper and of bloody deeds. He tortured his prisoners of war, flaying them or burning them alive. He suffered an unusual punishment for his crimes. A hideous monster came out of the Irish Sea, and, distending its horrible jaws, "swallowed him up like a small fish."

Morvidus had five sons, all of whom succeeded him in turn. Of these, Artegall and Elidure are familiar in our literature as the subjects of a beau-

tiful poem by Wordsworth. Gorbonian was the first of the sons of Morvidus to reign, and ruled in righteousness and prosperity. Artegal, or Arthgallo, who came next, surrounded himself with base companions, and despised the nobles of his court. He plundered the wealthy, and piled up a vast treasure through his oppressive levies. At last endurance ceased to be a virtue, and his people rose in fury and drove him from the kingdom, placing on the throne the Pious Elidure.

For five years the dethroned king wandered, a friendless exile in foreign lands. His wicked deeds were ever before him, and he recognized the justice of his punishment. Then he could endure no longer to live away from his native land. He resolved to return in secret, and to hide in the forests, con-



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

tent to drink from Britain's springs and to live in penance upon the hard fare which a northern forest affords. To Britain he returned, his pride subdued, his heart bowed in penitence.

King Elidure, when hunting in the forest of Calater, came suddenly upon the outlaw, and recognized him. The meeting seems more strange than the tales of fiction. There were no reproaches on either side. Elidure recognized his brother at once, and fell upon his neck in joy at the reunion. Secretly he took him to the city of Alclud; and there, feigning illness, he summoned his nobles from all the kingdom to attend him. Each noble, on entering his abode, was compelled on pain of death, to recognize Artegal as king.

This act, so singularly contrasted with the ambitious rivalries of princes in all ages, won for Elidure the sobriquet of "Pious," by which he has ever been called.

Artegal reigned ten years, setting an example to sovereigns by his virtue and benevolence. The story of these brothers does not deserve to be lost. Wordsworth happily chose it for the inspiring poem to which reference has been made. Of the restored king he says:

Heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent, from bondage freed

Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and when he died, the tear
Of universal grief bedewed his honored bier.
Thus was a brother by a brother saved.

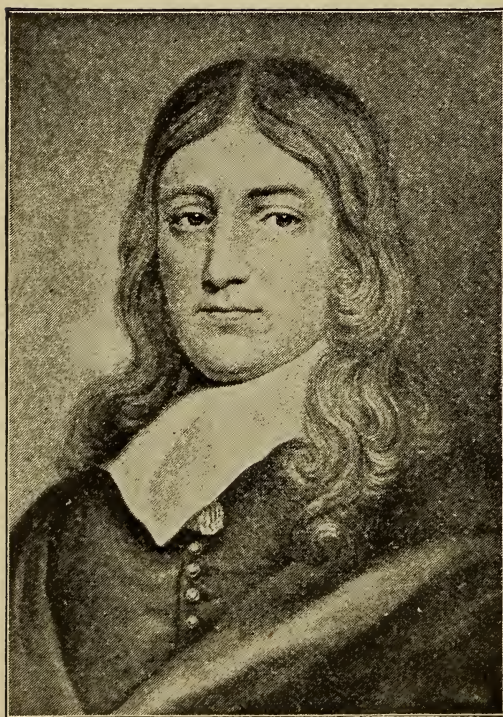
The Pious Elidure was now called to the throne a second time, and ruled in wisdom. His two remaining brothers, Vigenius and Peredure, conspired against and overthrew him, imprisoning him in a tower at Troy Novant, and dividing his kingdom between them. After seven years Vigenius died, and Peredure reigned alone. Strange to say, he now developed an ability which won universal praise; and the virtues of the Pious Elidure were little remembered in the prosperity of the new reign.

But Peredure came to a sudden death; and then the hearts of the people turned again to the good King Elidure, who came forth from his prison bent and gray, but serene in spirit, and finished the work of his life upon the throne which he had twice relinquished.

CHAPTER XII

LUD

WHEN Elidure had passed away, the succession came to the son of Gorbonian.



JOHN MILTON

Singularly, all the five brothers of the generation of Elidure had reigned; and as though to make a strange story still stranger, it is related that their thirty-two sons and grandsons succeeded; but of the most of these we have only the names.

This is a mysterious and suspicious gap in the story that has come down to us. John Milton, the great

poet of the Reformation, who wrote "Paradise Lost," wrote also a history of England, and in-

cluded in it the story of the legendary kings of Britain, feeling that he had no right to omit it, since it seemed to him to contain much of truth. Yet he showed impatience when he came to write of these reigns. A score of the very shadowy sovereigns he speaks of as "twenty kings in a row, who either did nothing, or lived in ages that wrote nothing—a foul intermission in the author of this, whether history or fable, himself weary, it seems, of his own tedious tale."

One of the twenty was Blegabred, who "excelled all the musicians that had been before him," we are told. But we have not a note or a word of one of his songs. It is said that he both played upon instruments and sang. This is very probable, since the ancient Britons were fond of metrical compositions, and much of their learning was transmitted by means of these.

The aged Heli is remembered as having reigned for forty years, and as having reared two sons of great renown, who succeeded him. These sons were Lud and Caswallon. The former, it is claimed, gave his name to the city which is now the greatest metropolis of the world; the latter achieved immortal fame in a contest in arms with the greatest man in human history—Julius Cæsar.

The reign of Lud is singularly lacking in incident. "Happy is the nation whose history is dull," is an adage often repeated. Years of peace and

prosperity do not interest the reader as do periods of great calamity and suffering. The reign of Lud was a time of material advancement and benefit to his people, but the accounts which we receive of it are not possessed of much narrative interest.

Lud rebuilt, on a large scale, the wall which surrounded Troy Novant, or Trinovantum, as it came to be called. Doubtless he realized that a period was approaching when the capital must defend itself against foreign invasion. In the walls were many towers, which gave the city an imposing appearance. Beyond the walls he built a number of similar structures. He encouraged the leading men of his kingdom to build large and luxurious residences in the city.

Nor were Lud's efforts confined to one city. Various others were the objects of his care and pride. But his chief place of residence continued to be Trinovantum, and he continued to improve it to the day of his death.

One of the gateways of the city seems to have been especially notable for its size and adornment. At all events, it was near to this that he was buried. It was called by the Britons Parth-Lud, or the Gate of Lud. Later, when the country was conquered by the Saxons, this was changed to Ludes Gate (Lud's Gate). And now the place where the great gate stood in ancient days is called Ludgate, and is a noted quarter in London.

The fame of Lud became so great, and the city

was so benefited by his rule, that (as many believe) his name replaced the one which the city had borne for so many centuries, and Trinovantum became *Caer-Lud*, or *Lud-town*. It was changed to "London" by foreign conquerors; and when, after long ages, the Norman-French obtained possession of the city, they called it "*Londres*," by which it is known in France to this day. It should be said, however, that there is another explanation of the origin of this name, which has no connection at all with the name of the king.

Lud had two sons, *Androgeus* and *Tenuantius*; but when he died they were too young to carry on the work which he had left unfinished, and their uncle, *Caswallon*, succeeded to the throne, giving to them positions of responsibility second only to his own. *Caswallon's* name in Roman history appears as *Cassivellaunus*, for which reason the latter form of the word will be used hereafter.

Some of the quaint stanzas of William Warner relating to Lud and his predecessors are amusing to us from their antique spelling. In the following it will be noted that the Britons are called "*Bru-tons*"—a fact which indicates the poet's firm belief that the name was derived from the legendary founder of their kingdom:

A many kings whose good or bad
No wrighter hath displaide
Did follow. Lud and Hely, for
Their stately buildings made,

Rest chiefly famous. Nor forget
King Blegabred I shall,
Whom Brutons did their glee-god, for
His skill in musicke call.

CHAPTER XIII

CASSIVELLAUNUS

WITH the reign of Cassivellaunus the written history of the Britons begins; for in the time of this king the mighty Roman, Julius Cæsar, led into Britain an army of invasion, and, as was his habit, he wrote a careful account of the expedition, with descriptions of the country and its people. The "Commentaries" of Cæsar, fortunately, have been preserved, and they are read in the original Latin by a greater number of students in each succeeding age.



JULIUS CÆSAR

It must not be supposed that the Britons in Cæsar's day were without a written language. For

many centuries, as has been stated before, they had traded with the Phœnicians, a very advanced and enterprising people of the Far East, who had carried their alphabet to distant lands; and no doubt the memoranda of business transactions of the Britons had been generally written, for ages.

But their learning was left largely to the priests, the Druids, who for some reason preferred that their knowledge of the past, and of the sciences in which they were learned, should be handed down orally. Their store of knowledge was preserved in the form of verses, which were committed to memory and learned by rote by their novices.

When speaking of the youths who were sent to the Druids for instruction, Cæsar says, in the fourteenth chapter of the Sixth Book of his "Commentaries on the Gallic War":

They are said to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly, some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they deem it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adopted for two reasons: because they neither desire their learning to be divulged among the mass of the people, nor those who learn to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men that, in their dependence

on writing, they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of the memory.

It was in the year 55 B. C., that this Cæsar, then a great and powerful military leader of the Romans, crossed the Channel from the mainland of Europe, intending to conquer the Britons and to make of their country a Roman province. He landed near the cliffs of Dover, where his army was met by a large and determined force of British soldiers.

Cæsar has left on record, in the Fourth Book of his "Commentaries," an account of the superior equipment of the British soldiers, the terror inspired by their war chariots, and the bravery with which they sought to repel the invasion. Though he defeated them in repeated engagements, he found it would be very difficult to conquer them; accordingly, he did not advance very far from the shore, but readily accepted their offers of peace, and left them.

The next year Cæsar returned to Britain, bringing with him thirty thousand foot-soldiers and two thousand cavalry. The story of this invasion is told in the Fifth Book of his "Commentaries." The Romans again defeated the Britons in various engagements, and advanced into the country for some distance back of the river Thames. They compelled the Britons to agree to pay tribute, and to give hostages as a guarantee that they would keep their agreement.

Then the Romans withdrew, as before. For ninety-seven years they did not repeat their invasion; and the story of the Britons during all this long period again rests upon legend, rather than upon written histories.

There was, however, a permanent relationship established between Britain and Rome. As hostages, the Britons sent to the great capital the children and other relatives of many of their prominent men. Certain Roman officers and a growing number of Roman traders made Britain their home, and looked after the interests of the empire.

Legend tells us that when Cæsar first invaded the country, a brother of the king, named Nennius, was struck at by Cæsar himself, but caught the saber stroke upon his shield, and that the sword sank so deeply into the shield that the owner could not pull it out again, and thus the weapon became a British prize. Nennius, however, soon afterward died from another blow which Cæsar gave him. He was buried with many honors near the north gate of the capital, and Cæsar's sword was placed in his tomb.

When the second invasion came, Cassivellaunus drove into the river-bed huge piles of iron and lead, to prevent the passage of Roman boats up the stream.

The legend further tells of a serious quarrel among the British chiefs, which was most unfortunate for their country. After the first encounter

in this second war with Cæsar, the Britons, deeming themselves the victors, held a grand celebration at Trinovantum, which city was under the immediate command of Androgeus, the king's nephew. All the great nobles were present, and special sacrifices were offered up to the gods, amid general feasting and rejoicing.

Among those who took part in the games were Hirelglas, another nephew of the king, and Evelinus, a nephew of Androgeus. The two young men were opponents in a wrestling match, and afterward fell into a dispute as to who was the victor. The contention became very fierce; and the quick-tempered Evelinus, suddenly grasping his heavy sword in a transport of rage, struck off the head of Hirelglas at a blow.

So sudden was the act, and so unexpected, that those who saw it were bewildered. Androgeus, being in command of the city, held that it was his right to judge the murderer. The king maintained that the judgment lay with himself, as the sovereign. Androgeus, being deeply offended, and claiming that the act of Evelinus had been accidental or else in self-defense, wrote to Cæsar, offering to make common cause with him. He then closed the city against the king.

Cassivellaunus happened to learn what Androgeus was doing, and at once began a siege of Trinovantum; but when he discovered that Cæsar was moving forward, he went to meet him, and

Androgeus followed. Then the king was between two foes, and was at a great disadvantage. He was thus easily defeated.

Cæsar's version of the story is that a man named Mandubratius, whose father had been king of the Trinobantes, persuaded his followers to offer to the Romans the surrender of their city; that the Romans went forward to the town, which they found "admirably fortified by nature and by art," and took it with little opposition, securing with it a great number of cattle; and that, when the Romans made their treaty with the defeated Britons, the victors exacted a promise that Cassivellaunus should not make war on Mandubratius or the Trinobantes.

In all probability these varying accounts both refer to the same events, and *Mandubratius* is but another form of the name *Androgeus*. To us the two words have a very different sound; but the philologists, who look at them scientifically, find them so similar that they might easily be variations of the same name. The story illustrates the relation of legend to history.

Even the historians are not always to be relied upon, as the following story of this campaign, which is told by Polyænus, a Roman writer of history, will show:

A great river in Britain [doubtless the Thames being intended] was obstructed by the horses and chariots of Cassivellaunus. Cæsar had with him a huge war

elephant, covered with scales of iron, and carrying on his back a great tower filled with slingers and with men throwing darts in every direction. Neither man nor horse of the Britons had ever before seen such an animal; and as Cæsar sent it forward among the enemy, the huge monster inspired such terror that the Britons fled in wild confusion before it, the terrified horses plunging madly in their endeavors to escape.

Had any such occurrence really taken place, Cæsar would undoubtedly have mentioned it.

Androgeus is said to have left the country, in company with Cæsar. Cassivellaunus lived seven years longer, and died, and was buried at York. Tenantius, the brother of Androgeus, succeeded him.

The British story of Cæsar's invasion is told in the following stanzas from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which follow a mention of Androgeus and Tenuantius:

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane, their eme
Was by the people chosen in their stead, [uncle]
Who on him took the royal diadem,
And goodly well long time it govern-ed,
Till the proud Romans him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet island, never conquer-ed,
And envying the Britons' blaz-ed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

Yet twice they were repuls-ed back again,
And twice reinforced back to their ships to fly;

The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
And the gray ocean into purple dye.
Ne had they footing found at last perdy,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soil,
And envious of uncle's sovereignty,
Betray'd his country into foreign spoil.

Nought else but treason from the first this land did foil.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himself was charg-ed heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributary made
T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defray'd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly sway'd.

CHAPTER XIV

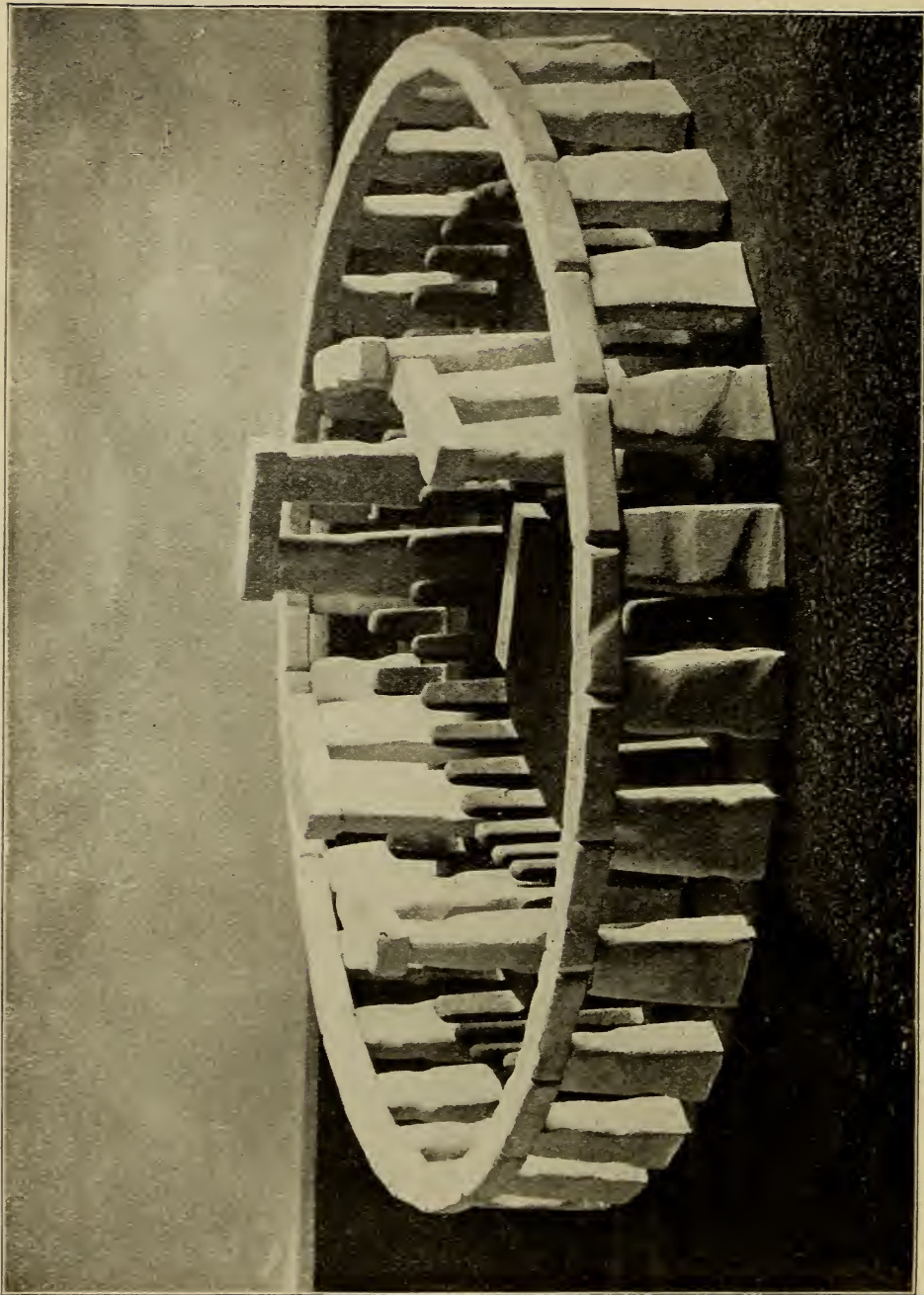
NORMA

THOSE who love good music are apt to know something of Norma, whose sad story is the subject of the beautiful opera by Bellini which bears her name.

The aim of this opera is to give a picture of the ancient Druids, or priests of the Celtic people in Britain and south of the Channel. The religion of the Britons and Gauls was remarkable in many ways. The Druids were not only the priests, but also the teachers and the judges of the people, and were looked upon with much awe. Their temples were circular in form, and were built of huge blocks of stone. They had altars for bloody sacrifices. The best example of their temples that has come down to us is seen to-day in Stonehenge, on Salisbury plain.

The priests were learned in many lines of study—though, as stated in a previous chapter, their knowledge was not committed to writing, and we have no means of knowing how far advanced they were. They were fond of ceremonies, and by means of these they greatly impressed the people, and sometimes even awed the Roman soldiers.

Some of the old popular festivals of the English



STONEHENGE RESTORED.—(After Dr. Stukeley)

people are believed to have been handed down from the Druids. Among these are May-day, Midsummer Eve, and the Harvest Home. When we hang May baskets upon the doors of our friends, and deck our churches with sheaves and garlands from the harvest of the year, we are probably keeping up observances of two thousand years ago, though we have changed their forms to some extent, and have forgotten all about their origin.

The Druids held that the oak tree was sacred, and that the mistletoe, which grows upon it, was more sacred still. The holy places of the Druids were in groves of oak trees, and here they delighted to live. Doubtless they were much impressed by the fact that the mistletoe does not have roots in the ground, but lives upon the branches of the oak, drawing its nourishment from the sap of the tree.

The Druids were fond of snow-white robes, which were a symbol of purity of life. They were stern in their punishment of offenses, and often burned alive those who had transgressed their laws. They offered sacrifices of animals to their gods, and even human sacrifices were not wanting.

The gathering of the mistletoe was a notable occasion. The priests and people collected about the tree on which the plant was discovered to be growing. Songs were sung, and a priest in white robes cut off pieces of the mistletoe with a golden

sickle. Two other priests, in robes of white, held outstretched a snowy mantle to receive the pieces as they fell. Two spotless white heifers were immediately killed at the altar, and were offered

up. The day was passed in solemn marches, in singing, and in feasting.

The worship of the Druids, it will be seen, offered a fine subject for an opera, for it supplied scenes of great interest and beauty; and the period of the Roman conquest, with its tragic effect upon so many thousands of lives, was a time well suited for representation upon the



VINCENZO BELLINI

stage. Vincenzo Bellini—a musical composer of Sicily who lived in the first half of the last century—made use of the subject. His opera is composed in Italian, but is familiar in all cultured nations. A beautiful air from this opera, entitled “Casta

Diva" (Chaste Goddess), was the first sung by Jenny Lind when that noted singer visited America.

The scene is laid south of the Channel, in Gaul; but it applies quite as well to Britain as a picture of life in the days of the Druids. The incidents and characters are imaginary; yet they may be very much like the actual events and the real persons of many a sad story of that day; only the story has not come down to us, and we are left to work it out in our imagination. The time is a few years after the invasion of Julius Cæsar.

Norma, a beautiful young woman, is a high-priestess—the daughter of Oroveso, the arch-Druid. Both father and daughter are held in great reverence by the people. Norma, especially, is deemed the medium through which the will of heaven is to be revealed to them. She has taken a solemn vow never to marry, but to live and die a virgin of the temple. The penalty for a violation of her vow would be a frightful one; but no one dreams of this as he looks upon her noble face and waits for her to speak the commands of her god.

For some time the people have been ready to rise against their invaders and expel them. The growing tyranny of the Romans has become intolerable, and the chiefs are impatient for the renewal of the war. They are looking for Norma to give the signal. To their surprise, they find her always insisting upon delay, and exhorting them to patience.

Pollio is the Roman commander. He is a man of the world, ambitious for the growth of Roman power at whatever cost. Yet he is capable of a tender love, which is not wholly subjected to his ambition and selfishness. To the Britons he is an object of hatred, and they cannot understand why they are sternly forbidden to rise against him.

Pollio has noted from the first the power which Norma holds. He is a man of fascinating manners, handsome, young in years, and accomplished, representing the polish of the Roman capital. He has sought secretly to make a conquest of Norma's heart, and, alas! he has succeeded. Norma has given him her heart and hand, in violation of her sacred vows. She has become the mother of two sweet children, whom she tenderly loves. Doubtless the wily Roman has promised to take her to Rome, where they will be safe from the stern laws of the Druids.

Of Norma's double life, and of her children, the people know nothing. The secret is carefully maintained. It is to Pollio's interest that it should be, since he depends upon Norma to repress the popular spirit of the rebellion.

But Pollio is fickle, and has become smitten with the beauty of another young priestess, named Adalgisa. To her he has pledged his heart, promising her, likewise, that he will take her to Rome, and painting in fine words the glories of the capital city of the world. Adalgisa has yielded

somewhat to his advances; but when she considers her vows as a priestess, she is stung with remorse, and goes to Norma to confess her sin.

Norma is aroused to fury at the perfidy of Pollio, who chances to come upon them at that time, and who retires in dismay before the wrath of the wronged woman. Norma has suffered much, and has wronged her people grievously for his sake; and his abandonment of her now removes her last hope of happiness with him and with her children. She resolves to crush the Romans. To do this she must destroy her little ones, in order that her people may not know that she is an unfaithful priestess.

But as Norma approaches the bed where the children are lying, folded in each other's arms, she is moved to love and pity. She cannot find it in her heart to strike the blow, and the uplifted dagger falls upon the ground. She resolves, now, to give herself up for punishment; and she summons Adalgisa, to intrust the little ones to her care, telling her to take them with her to Rome, in company with Pollio.

The noble-hearted Adalgisa calms the fury of the high-priestess, and promises to bring Pollio back to her, if possible. She will plead with the Roman to take Norma, instead, to Rome with their children, to live in happiness.

Norma is filled with delusive hope, which is soon dispelled. She learns from a confidential attendant that Pollio is determined to secure Adalgisa; and

in a burst of fury she rushes to the sacred shield and gives the long-deferred signal for war. The people, who have waited for this so long and so impatiently, rush to the temple to hear the command of their beloved high-priestess. Priests and warriors gather in great excitement.

At the same time Pollio, fearing that matters are coming to a crisis, has entered the very penetralia, or most holy place, of another temple, where Adalgisa is, intending to seize her by force; and has been arrested and carried away by the attendants of the priests. He is now dragged into the presence of Norma.

Oroveso is about to plunge a dagger into the breast of this profane violator of the temple, when Norma interposes. Even now her love for the Roman moves her to interfere in his behalf, and she declares that she must be the executioner, but that she must first question him as to his accomplices; and so she dismisses the rest, and remains for the last time alone with her husband. Pollio will not, even now, promise to escape with her to Rome, if it shall be possible. He is infatuated with Adalgisa; and Norma, in a burst of rage, threatens to denounce both him and the young priestess.

Again the priests, warriors, and people assemble, in great excitement, to hear from the lips of the arch-priestess the doom of Pollio, and to learn who is to suffer with him. In the awful silence she arises to speak the fatal judgment. In that

moment all the consequences of her own sin rush upon her mind. Adalgisa, though listening to temptation, has not been sinful in act. It is not in the heart of Norma now to convict her. But there is no escape from the punishment of some one.

Norma slowly takes from her own forehead the priestly wreath of purity which she long has falsely worn, and throws it upon the ground. With firm voice she declares that she, herself, is the guilty one who must suffer with Pollio.

Her father, Oroveso, and the other priests implore her to contradict what she has said; for it is an appalling confession from one whom they have regarded as saintly in life, the special medium of their god in his messages to men. The fires are ready for the sacrifices, but Norma faces them without shrinking. The stern punishment of the Druids must be meted out to the sinner. She firmly reiterates what she has said, and gives herself up to her doom.

Pollio's better nature asserts itself at the moment of death, and his old love for Norma returns. Norma throws herself into the arms of Oroveso for a last, long, affectionate embrace, having commended to him the care of her children, and ascends the funeral pyre with Pollio, hoping that the punishment of fire will purge their sin, and that they will be reunited in a better world. A noble duet by Norma and Pollio, in the closing scene, is thus rendered in the English libretto:

Norma.

The deep affection
Too ill-requited,—
The burning passion
So foully slighted,—
Yet seek to teach thee,
False-hearted Roman,
The faith of woman
Beyond the grave.
Eternal ages
Shall o'er us gather,
Expire, and find us
Still linked together;
The heart that won me,
In love to languish,
Death's lesser anguish
With me must brave.

Pollio.

My soul, too tardy,
Knew not to love thee;
Sublimest angel,
Too late I prove thee!
Remorse hath probed me,
Where truth was sleeping;
Its purest weeping
Thy hand shall lave.
To our great failing,
The purging given
Shall consecrate us
For after Heaven.
Death's terrors vanish,
When thou canst bear them.
With thee to share them,
Is all I crave!

CHAPTER XV

CYMBELINE

WHILE Tenuantius reigned, his son Cymbeline, or Kymbelinus, spent much of his time in Rome, where he was a sort of hostage, and where he was educated in the learning of schools and in the art of war. Living in luxury in the great city which was the capital of the world, he became strongly tinctured with Roman ideas, and was much attached to the emperor, Augustus Cæsar.

On the death of his father, Cymbeline reigned in Britain. Only the briefest mention of his reign is found in the legendary history. Yet for several reasons he is prominent among the old British sovereigns who are remembered.

It was in the time of Cymbeline that Jesus Christ was born. Of course the king knew nothing of this event at the time. Perhaps in all his life he never heard the Saviour's name. It was a mere coincidence. But the birth of Christ is the starting-point in the chronology of to-day, in all Christian nations; and every date we write upon a letter reminds us of the remoteness of the time in which the Saviour lived. In the same manner we can always fix the time of Cymbeline, for our years are dated from a period in his reign.

His name, too, is a subject of interesting speculation. From the earliest historic times in Britain, the Campbells of Scotland have been a noted family. No one knows how far back is the origin of their name. It is believed by many that "Cymbeline" is the same name; that it was perpetuated by the descendants of this king, being slightly changed in the course of ages by a modification of the first vowel, and the dropping of the last syllable.

Shakespeare's powerful drama of "Cymbeline," however, has been the chief agency in perpetuating and popularizing the name of this ancient king. The incidents, including the war with Rome, and nearly all the characters of this drama as well, are imaginary. However, it is designed in the drama to reproduce the British life of that period, and thus the play is not without historical value. The story of the drama is full of interest, and may be briefly given as follows:

The king's two sons, Arviragus and Guiderius, were stolen in their infancy. His daughter, Imogen, was brought up by a stepmother, who was a scheming, ambitious woman, and who designed to bring about a marriage between Cloten (her own son by a former marriage) and the princess. Imogen, however, was true to her own heart's choice, and privately married Posthumus, an orphan who had been brought up at the court and had been her playfellow from infancy.

The wrath of the king was kindled when he learned of his daughter's marriage to a subject; and though Posthumus was a worthy gentleman, and the best scholar in the kingdom, he was immediately banished. When he parted from his young bride, she gave him a diamond ring, which he promised ever to keep; and he clasped upon her arm, as a parting gift, a beautiful bracelet, which she wore at all times, day and night, in loving remembrance.

Posthumus went to Rome, where, unfortunately, he became acquainted with a villainous young man named Iachimo. Posthumus was wont to boast of the beauty and fidelity of his bride, and became the subject of some bantering in reference to her. Provoked at this, he was led to lay a wager upon her honor, and Iachimo resolved to put this to the test. Posthumus was so certain of the faithfulness of Imogen that he did not see any harm in allowing Iachimo to try to disprove it.

Iachimo visited Britain, where Imogen received him kindly, as her husband's friend. The princess, however, resented any attempts on his part to make love to her. Then Iachimo, determined to win his wager, was base enough to slander her. He succeeded in entering her chamber unobserved, and hid himself in her trunk until she had retired. Then in the night he stealthily arose, and unclasped the bracelet from her arm. He made note of everything in the room, including the pictures on



THE THEFT OF IMOGEN'S BRACELET.—*Liezen-Mayer*

the walls. Returning to Rome, he claimed his forfeit, showing the bracelet which he declared Imogen had given to him in her room, and describing the apartment in detail.

Posthumus, crazed at the tidings, cursed his wife, and gave her ring to his false friend. He even wrote to a friend in Britain, named Pisanio, and desired him to meet Imogen at a certain place and assassinate her. Pisanio—feeling sure that Posthumus would repent of his rash vengeance—met the princess with kindness. He advised her, for protection, to assume the garb of a young man, and to go to Rome and meet her husband. Acting on this advice, Imogen dressed herself as a youth and assumed the name of Fidele. Then she started on her lonely and dangerous journey to the coast.

In passing through a forest she came to a cave. Having lost her way, and being weary and faint from travel, she entered the cavern, which she found unoccupied, though it contained some food, and evidently was used as a dwelling. Two young men soon came to the cave, and welcomed the tired stranger. Afterward, they went away for a hunt, and Imogen, in her weariness, drank of a potion which Pisanio had given her to produce a restful sleep.

The young men, returning, found her in a deathly stupor. Supposing that their guest was dead, they removed the body from the cave and, in the depths of the forest, covered it with leaves

IMOGEN AND PISANIO.—*Hoppner*

and flowers, and sang a funeral chant—the one which they had sung as a funereal honor to their mother.

Awakening from her stupor, the bewildered girl found herself alone in the dark woods, and again sought the coast. Meanwhile, war had broken out between the Romans and the Britons, and a Roman army had landed in Britain. Posthumus was with the army, but intended to desert it and aid his countrymen. He cared nothing for life, but rather courted death. Imogen met the army ere she could reach the coast; and as she appeared to be a bright young man, she was accepted by the Roman general as his page.

The two young men of the cave, whose names were Guiderius and Arviragus, went with Belarius, their supposed father, to fight for the king. These three, with Posthumus, fought so bravely as to save the day for the Britons in the battle which followed. Imogen and her master were taken prisoners, and were brought before the king.

Posthumus surrendered himself to one of the king's officers, and was brought into the royal presence to receive judgment for disregarding his sentence of banishment, in his return to Britain.

The meeting of all these before the judgment seat of the king forms a very interesting scene in the drama. Posthumus did not know Imogen in her male attire, but the young men of the cave recognized their strange guest whom they had buried.

Posthumus—though he had saved the king's throne, and even his life, in battle—hoped that this would not be considered, and that he would be sentenced to death. The Roman general, expecting death for himself, begged that the life of his page might be spared.

The king gazed tenderly upon the fair face of Imogen, drawn by a fascination which he could not have explained; and, as a token of favor, offered to grant the supposed young man whatever request the latter should make. Much as Imogen would have liked to ask for the pardon of her good master, she chose, instead, to demand of Iachimo, who was present, how he obtained the ring which he was wearing.

The king commanded that Iachimo should tell this, under penalty of instant torture. The villain made a full confession. Then Posthumus, overwhelmed at the recital, related how he had (as he thought) procured the assassination of his innocent wife.

Imogen now revealed herself to her husband and to her father, both of whom were overjoyed at her return to them. Then, since confessions were in order, Belarius confessed that his supposed sons were really the sons of the king, who had been stolen in their infancy. All wrongs of the past were forgiven, and the royal family were at last happily reunited, after their strange vicissitudes. The Roman general was released, and a favorable

peace was concluded with Rome. All were fortunate and happy save the wicked queen, who died soon afterward. Her son Cloten had been slain by Guiderius, in a duel brought on by his own provocation.

Shakespeare's drama, as previously stated, is intended to be rather a picture of life in Britain in the Roman period, than a portrayal of actual events. Its author made good use of the scanty materials which he derived from legend and from history. "He is careful," says Henry Reed, "to preserve a certain degree of British independence, while Roman influence or supremacy is also recognized; and with regard to national character, he shows, in the Italian villain of the play, how thoroughly demoralized the Roman people had become—how much they had lost of the high and heroic part of their nature in the low and irreligious sensuality of their Epicurean philosophy.

"On the other hand, the poet has shown, in the Britons of the play, the good and evil which pertain to an imperfect condition of civilization. He has elevated our thoughts of ancient Britain by adorning it with the character of Imogen, one of the loveliest of that matchless company of women who have had their life and being in the drama of Shakespeare."

In the Second Scene of Act IV of Shakespeare's play occurs the following dialogue. Guiderius

and Belarius are in front of the cave, from which Arviragus emerges, bearing in his arms "Fidele" (Imogen), the supposed youth, who appears to be dead. The scene portrays the simple funeral honors paid to their unfortunate guest. Arviragus and Guiderius are called Cadwal and Polydore, their real names being unknown to them at this time.

Guiderius. Is Cadwal mad?

Belarius. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arviragus. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guiderius. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Belarius. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare [boat]
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou died'st a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?

Arviragus. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,—
Not as death's dart,—being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guiderius.

Where?

Arviragus.

O' the floor,

His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guiderius.

Why, he but sleeps;

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted;
And worms will not come to thee.

Arviragus

With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Guiderius.

Prithee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious—Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

Arviragus.

Say, where shall's lay him?

Guiderius. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arviragus.

Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guiderius.

Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arviragus.

We'll speak it, then.

Belarius. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less; for Cloten
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
 And though he came our enemy, remember
 He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
 Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
 That angel of the world, doth make distinction
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him as a prince.

Guiderius.

Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'
 When neither are alive.

Arviragus.

If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Guiderius. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
 My father hath a reason for't.

Arviragus.

'Tis true.

Guiderius. Come on, then, and remove him.*Arviragus.*

So—begin.

SONG

Guiderius. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guiderius. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arviragus. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Guiderius. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arviragus. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guiderius. No exorciser harm thee!

Arviragus. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guiderius. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arviragus. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renown-ed be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guiderius. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him
down.

Belarius. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more.
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.—
Come on, away; apart upon our knees,
The ground that gave them first has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

CHAPTER XVI

ARVIRAGUS

CYMBELINE left two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. The former succeeded to the throne. Unlike his father, he was not friendly to the Romans—who not only were receiving their tribute from his subjects, but were evidently Romanizing the entire country at a rapid rate. The new king soon determined to strike a blow for independence, and refused to pay the tribute when it became due.

By this time the Romans had become so impressed with the value of their British possessions that their emperor, Claudius—the third since Julius Cæsar,—was moved to undertake in person the thorough conquest of the island. He landed with his forces in Britain in the year 43 A. D., as we learn from the Roman historians.

The Britons, under Guiderius, advanced to meet him. It is related that one of the Roman officers, whom the Britons called Hamo, disguised himself in British armor, and fought against his own men, in order that he might work his way unperceived to the side of the British king, and slay him. In this plan the Roman was successful. Guiderius

was taken wholly unawares; for Hamo knew the British tongue, and was exhorting the king's followers to do their utmost, when, as an opportunity offered, he dispatched Guiderius with a sudden blow, and made his escape to his own lines.

Arviragus, the king's brother, was bravely fighting at that time. He chanced to see the base deed, and took note of the fleeing murderer. Although the act had made the prince a king at once, upon the battle-field, he took no pleasure in this, but thought only of revenge upon his brother's assassin. But first it was necessary to prevent the panic which must ensue if it should be known that the king was dead. Arviragus, accordingly, found means to conceal the fact, and arrayed himself in his brother's armor, in which he succeeded in passing for the king himself until the crisis of the battle was past, and the Britons had won the day.

Claudius retired to his ships, while Hamo fled through the forest. Arviragus pursued the latter and his followers, by day and by night. The only hope of the wretched fugitive was to reach the coast. Hastening to the southward, he came in sight of the sea at a harbor where some merchant ships were riding at anchor. The infuriated king was close behind Hamo, though the latter did not suspect how near his pursuer was. Just as Hamo was about to step upon one of the ships, he was

seized and killed. The harbor is said to have been called Hamo's Port in reference to him. It is now the port of Southampton.

Claudius advanced to besiege the new king at the city now called Winchester, and set up the mighty Roman engines for battering down its walls. The situation of the Britons was desperate; yet Arviragus was ready to lead them to battle, when he received an astonishing proposal from the emperor. Claudius, impressed with the value of a peace based upon something other than mere force, offered to the king the hand of his daughter in marriage, as a guarantee of future peace, in case the Britons would put an end to the war.

The British nobles no doubt felt that an honorable peace with the Romans was more desirable than a long struggle for independence, and urged the young king to accept this remarkable offer. The agreement was made, and the emperor sent an escort to Rome to bring to him the fair princess, whose name was Genuissa. In those days it was not thought at all necessary to consult the wishes of a princess in such a matter.

The wedding took place in the following spring, amid great rejoicings. The ceremony was performed at a camp where the armies were resting; and in honor of the event, Claudius commanded that a city should be built there. So the soldiers became civil engineers and carpenters and masons for the time, and a town arose as by magic where

the camp had been. It is thought that this place derives its modern name of Gloucester from the name of the emperor, and that it was first called, in the Latin "Claudii-castra" (the camp of Claudius).

The results of the marriage were not altogether what had been expected. For a time Arviragus showed great wisdom, and Claudius returned to Rome, satisfied that all would be well. But the emperor's son-in-law soon began to assume an air of independence, and even to treat with contempt the threats of the Roman Senate.

Vespasian, a great Roman general, afterward emperor, was sent with a large force, to compel obedience to Rome. A battle was fought which was not decisive; and then Genuissa, who loved both her husband and her father with much tenderness, brought about a peace between them.

Such is the pretty story the British legend tells. How much of truth it contains, we cannot know. It is certain that Claudius, when he returned to Rome, announced that he had conquered the Britons; and that the Senate granted him a splendid spectacular honor known as a "triumph," and gave him the title of "Britannicus." But it is evident that his work in Britain was very incomplete, and that the "triumph" was not justified by anything he had accomplished. The fact that the emperor conducted the campaign in person caused writers to be very careful, no doubt, in commenting upon it.

Claudius was a singular character. Half-paralyzed, ruled by women, and regarded by his family as an imbecile, he nevertheless led some notable campaigns, and wrote many books. All his writings are lost. If we had them, we could better judge of the account which the Britons gave of him. Not being a great soldier, he sought, doubtless, to conciliate the Britons as far as possible.

Arviragus is accounted, in the legend, one of the ablest of the ancient British sovereigns. The Roman poet Juvenal refers to him incidentally, in such a manner as to indicate that the Romans considered the British king a ruler not lightly to be reckoned.

The mention of Arviragus by Juvenal is found in the "Third Satire" of that author. Here the Roman practice of seeking prophecies in the appearances of animals is ridiculed by representing that, on a certain occasion, something in the looks of a turbot indicates the overthrow of a foe of the Romans. The turbot is a foreign fish; hence it is a foreign monarch who is to be overthrown—perhaps even Arviragus, in the famous war chariot of the Britons!

"I see, I see

The omens of some glorious victory!

Some powerful monarch captured! Lo, he rears,

Horrent on every side, his pointed spears!

Arviragus, hurled from the British car!

The fish is foreign, foreign is the war."

Throughout the reign of Arviragus the Roman influence in Britain steadily increased, and the people grew in wealth and in culture. He was buried, we are told, in a temple which he had built in Gloucester, in honor of the emperor.

Spenser, in his quaint and beautiful verses, speaks thus of the famous British king:

Was never king more highly magnified,
Nor dread of Romans, than was Arvirage;
For which the emperor to him allied
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage;
Yet shortly he renounced the vassalage
Of Rome again, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoil and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

Arviragus was succeeded by his son Marius. The new king followed in his father's footsteps. In his reign the Britons suffered from an invasion of the Picts, who ravaged the north end of the island. The Britons were led against them by the king in person, and won an important battle in what is now Westmoreland. An enormous stone monument was set up on the battle-ground, to commemorate the event. A more enduring monument is found in the name of the country—if, indeed, it is true that "Westmoreland" is a corruption of "Marius-land," as has been claimed.

Marius did not expel the men whom he had conquered, but permitted them to settle in what

is now Caithness. The soldiers of the Picts were generally young men, without families. Cured of their mad desire for conquest, they were disposed to settle down to quiet living and become good subjects.

The king found, however, that it was useless for the strangers to ask the British girls to marry them; for the maidens of his kingdom were disposed to repel foreigners—except, perhaps, the Romans. He permitted the soldiers to cross over to Ireland and make proposals of marriage to the girls of that country. This the men did, with marked success, if we may credit the story; and shiploads of fair maidens from the Emerald Isle embarked with their energetic wooers for homes in the Scottish Highlands.

CHAPTER XVII

CARACTACUS

IT IS often said that truth is stranger than fiction; and of the time we are now considering, the written history is far more impressive than the legend.

Two of the most famous characters of all the ancient Britons are not even mentioned in the legendary account of the period of Arviragus and Claudius. Their historic names are Caractacus and Boadicea. The reason for the omission is found in the fact that they belonged to independent British kingdoms, and were not connected directly with affairs in London. There was then, in fact, no kingdom of Britain as a whole, whatever the legend may say.

Caradoc, whom the Roman historians call Caractacus, was the King of the Silures. In his heart the spirit of liberty burned. In his mountain fastnesses he was long able to defy the power of the Romans.

As we have seen, the Emperor Claudius, returning to Rome, made an absurd claim to the honor of having crushed the Britons. The work of conquest was by no means accomplished. Vespasian continued the war in the southwest, and the Roman

general, Ostorius Scapula, advanced to the mountains of Cambria, or Wales. It is an amusing fact that a range of highlands in England is known to-day as the "Oyster Hills," from a corruption of this officer's name; for upon these hills he pitched his camp.

Caractacus made the most desperate resistance to the advance of the Roman forces. He was animated by the purest patriotism, and his ability and bravery challenged the admiration of his foes. The contest lasted nine years. It was a very unequal struggle, for Caractacus had to contend with the best-equipped, best-trained soldiers of the world; and Rome was determined to complete the conquest at whatever cost.

The story of this noble Briton is told in the elegant pages of Tacitus, the Roman historian, and also in the books of Suetonius, the Latin biographer of the "Twelve Cæsars." There is an old English drama by William Mason,—which has not been played for more than a century, but which is interesting to read. It portrays the last, desperate struggle of the Britons under Caractacus. In one of its scenes a high-priest of the Druids delivers to the king the sword of Belinus, said to have been hidden for ages in the hollow of one of the sacred oak trees. These are the words with which the priest presents the inspiring relic:

"Caractacus,
Behold this sword, the sword of old Belinus;
Stained with the blood of giants, and its name

Trifingus! Many an age its charmed blade
Has slept within yon consecrated trunk.
Lo, I unsheath it, King! I wave it o'er thee.
Mark what portentous streams of scarlet light
Flow from the brandished falchion. On thy knee
Receive the sacred pledge; and mark our words:



CARACTACUS AND THE SWORD OF BELINUS.—(*Old Print*)

By the bright circle of the golden sun,
By the brief courses of the errant moon,
By the dread potency of every star
That studs the mystic Zodiac's burning girth,—
By each and all of these supernal signs,
We do adjure thee, with this trusty blade,
To guard yon sacred oak, whose holiest stem

Involves the spirit of high Taranis [God].
This be thy charge; to which in aid we join
Ourselves and our sage brethren. With our vassals,
Thy son and the Brigantian prince shall make
Incursion on the foe."

Caractacus says, on receiving the sword:

"Old as I am, I trust with half our powers
I could drive back these Romans to their ships;
Dastards, that come, as doth the cunning fowler,
To tangle me with snares, and take me tamely!
Slaves! they shall find that, ere they gain their prey,
They have to hunt it boldly, with barbed spears,
And meet such conflict as the chaf-ed boar
Gives to his stout assailants. O ye Gods,
That I might instant face them!"

All was in vain. Despite their valor, the Silures were overpowered; and the king, escaping through the mountains, fled to the Brigantes, another British tribe, whose prince the high-priest mentioned in his address. Here he might expect to find followers, to renew the fight. But the Romans fought not only with swords, but also with gold. Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, received him only to betray him to his foes; and Caractacus fell into the hands of Ostorius, who carried the fallen chief to Rome, to grace his triumph.

In the magnificent triumphal procession which swept through the great city, the British captive was led in clanking chains. As he passed through

the streets and saw the grand structures on either side, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that a people possessing such magnificence at home should envy me my humble dwelling in Britain?"

Tacitus, in the Twelfth Book of his "Annals," says of this spectacle, that the senators pronounced it no less glorious than that when Scipio exhibited Syphax, or when Paulus paraded the Macedonian Perseus in the streets of Rome. The bravery of the great Briton, and the dignity with which he bore his misfortunes, touched the heart of the emperor, who set him free. Tradition says that he died at Rome three years later, in the year 55.

Thus British independence, which originated through Greek despotism, according to the legend, was coming to its end through the Roman love of conquest, according to veritable history. The later decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which was overthrown at last by the Northern barbarians, is characterized by poets as a just retribution for the crimes of its rulers. William Cullen Bryant speaks thus of Greece and Rome, in his poem entitled "The Ages":

O Greece, thy flourishing cities were a spoil
Unto each other; thy hard hand oppressed
And crushed the helpless; thou didst make thy soil
Drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best;
And thou didst drive from thy unnatural breast
Thy just and brave, to die in distant climes;

Earth shuddered at thy deeds, and sighed for rest
From thine abominations; after times
That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes.

And Rome, thy sterner, younger sister, she
Who awed the world with her imperial frown—
Rome drew the spirit of her race from thee—
The rival of thy shame and thy renown;
Yet her degenerate children sold the crown
Of earth's wide kingdom to a line of slaves;
Guilt reigned, and woe with guilt, and plagues came
down,
Till the North broke its flood gates, and the waves
Whelmed the degraded race, and weltered o'er their
graves.

CHAPTER XVIII

BOADICEA

AFTER Ostorius retired from Britain, Didius Gallus represented the Roman authority in the island for a short time. He was succeeded by Veranus, who died after a year's service. Then came Suetonius Paulinus, whose name is linked forever with the tragic death of Queen Boadicea.

Suetonius resolved first to overthrow the power of the Druid priests, since he regarded them as a perpetual menace to the Romans—as, indeed, they were. In the year 61 he crossed the strait into the island of Anglesea, called by the Britons Mona. This was perhaps their most holy place. It required all the courage the Roman soldiers possessed to face the scene that confronted them.

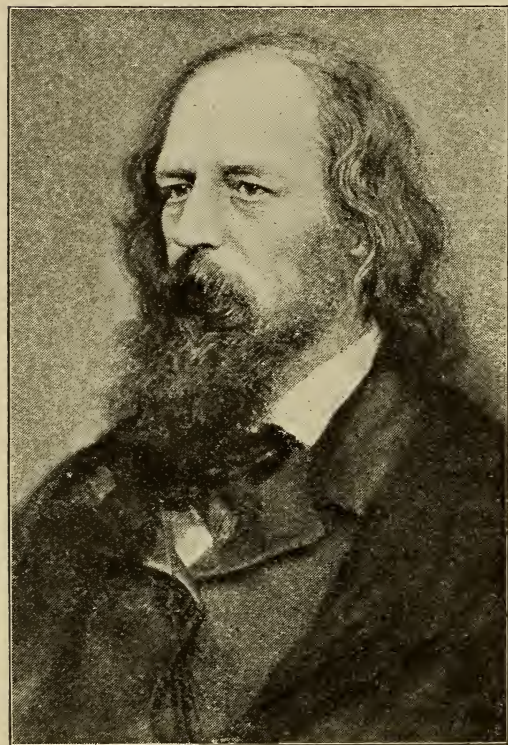
In the sacred groves were gathered the fierce British warriors, in war paint; and the priests and priestesses, with frantic screams and imprecations, incited them to the most desperate resistance. But even the sacred altars offered no security to the Druids. The stronger physical force prevailed. The priests and priestesses were ruthlessly slain, the groves cut down, the altars overthrown.

While the Roman general was thus engaged, the Queen of the Iceni seized the opportunity to

organize a formidable revolt. Her British name was Bouduca. She was the widow of Prasutagus. As determined as Caractacus, she was able in command and strong in resources. Had the Romans

translated her name, instead of distorting it in their absurd fashion, they would have called her Victoria—a name dear to our modern world.

When she protested to the Roman general against the seizure of her wealth by his officials, she met with scorn and insult, and was even whipped with switches. Unspeakable outrages were perpetrated upon



LORD TENNYSON

her daughters; and the maddened queen went from tribe to tribe among the Britons, appealing to their chivalry and to their patriotism.

In a rush like a whirlwind she led her followers against the Roman camps and towns, and seventy

thousand men are said to have fallen before her arms. Then Suetonius hastened from Mona to retrieve the disaster.

The revolt of the heroic queen was the destruction of her nation. The final battle occurred near London. Eighty thousand Britons, as history tells us, fell on that awful field—a climax of horror beside which the battles in our less destructive modern warfare seem almost trivial. A terrific picture was presented by this maddened queen, as she rode about the field, her yellow hair streaming in the wind, and her voice calling aloud for vengeance on her foes.

Unable to survive the extinction of her people, Boadicea drank poison, and joined the number of the great dead.

Tennyson's unconventional poem which bears her name is so striking in its portraiture, that it is inserted here entire.

TENNYSON'S "BOADICEA"

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries
Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and
Druidess,
Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,
Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce
volubility,
Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cámulo-
dúne,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild
confederacy.

“They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain’s barbarous
populaces,
Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me
supplicating?
Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be
supplicated?
Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
Must their ever-ravening eagle’s beak and talon annihi-
late us?
Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quiver-
ing?
Bark an answer, Britain’s raven! bark and blacken
innumerable,
Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcass a
skeleton;
Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness,
wallow in it,
Till the face of Bel be brighten’d, Taranis be propitiated.
Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony, Cámulo-
dúne!
There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous
adversary.
There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous
emperor-idiot.
Such is Rome, and this her deity; hear it, Spirit of Cássi-
vëlaún!

“Hear it, gods! the gods have heard it, O Icenian, O
Coritanian!
Doubt not ye the gods have answer’d, Catieuchlanian,
Trinobant.
These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances,
Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aërially,

Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy
massacred,

Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous
agonies.

Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of
horses and men;

Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the reflux estuary;
Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—
There was one who watch'd and told me—down their
statue of Victory fell.

Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Cámu-
lodúne,

Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to be
pitiful?

Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it
amorously?

“Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trino-
bant!

While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly medi-
tating,

There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical cere-
mony,

Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophet-
esses,

‘Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery para-
pets!

Tho’ the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho’ the gathering
enemy narrow thee,

Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the
mighty one yet!

Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be
celebrated,

Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming
Paradises,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-
thunder of God.'
So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon auguries
happier?
So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a vic-
tory now.

"Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
Me the wife of rich Prasútagus, me the lover of liberty,
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and
humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators!
See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy!
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be
satiated.
Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Cámulo-
dúne!
There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the flourish-
ing territory,
Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted
Britoness—
Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inex-
orable.
Shout Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant,
Till the victim hear within, and yearn to hurry precip-
itously

Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd.

Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Cúnobeline!
There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay,

Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy.
There they dwelt and there they rioted; there—there —they dwell no more.

Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary,

Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable,

Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,

Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and humiliated,

Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of the little one out,

Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample them under us."

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted, Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness like,

Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility,

Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated, Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineäments,

Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,

Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,

Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a
promontory.

So the silent colony, hearing her tumultuous adversaries
Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid
unanimous hand,

Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter
tremulously,

Then her pulses at the clamoring of her enemy fainted
away.

Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous
agonies.

Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous
legionary,

Fell the colony, city and citadel, London, Verulam,
Cámulodúne.

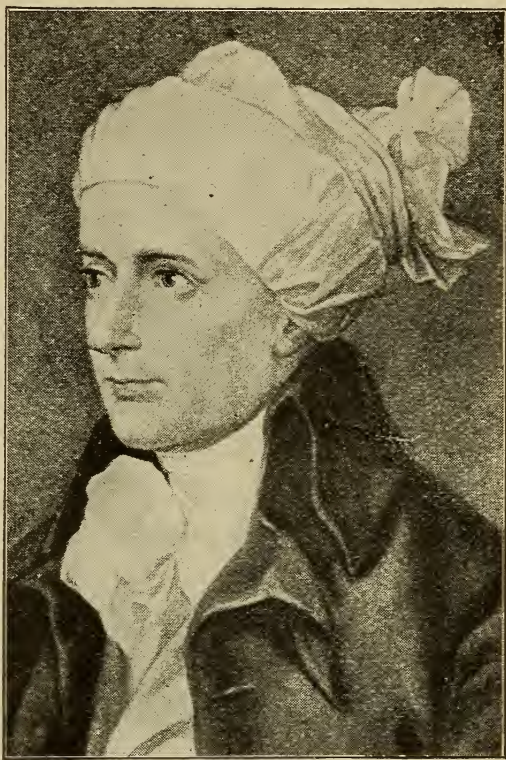
In the last nine lines the words *she* and *her*, wherever used, refer to the Roman colony, and not to the queen.

A singular story is related of this poem, which shows how accident sometimes favors genius. The composition was written in competition with those of other students, while the poet was in college. So exceptional was it in versification and in style, that its author characterized it as "an experiment." The merits of all the competing compositions were passed upon by three professors.

The first of these judges marked Tennyson's poem all over with interrogation points, intending his verdict to be far from complimentary. The

second, relying on the excellent judgment of the first, and mistaking the marks for indications of the highest approval, ratified them as such. The third, finding his two colleagues in singular accord, as he supposed, on every point, did not offer a dissenting opinion. And thus the "experiment" became a pronounced success. Far greater liberty is exercised now than formerly in the forms of poetry, and many another doubtful experiment in verse has met with approval.

William Cowper, who was the leading poet of Great Britain more than a century ago,



WILLIAM COWPER

wrote a stirring ode, in which he gave the prophecy of a Druid bard directed against the cruel Romans. He assumed that the royal house of modern Britain is descended from the ancient British kings (which is not at all unlikely), and made the bard predict

the rise of a far greater empire than the Roman, with its seat in Britain—a prediction which has long been fully realized. This ode is likewise inserted here, because of its beautiful thought and diction.

COWPER'S "BOADICEA"

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,
Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief:

"Princess, if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground;
Hark, the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize;
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the Progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush’d to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurl’d them at the foe:

“Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow’d,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

It is interesting to read this imaginary prophecy in the light of the history of to-day. Regions Cæsar never knew, in South Africa, in Asia, in America, and in the isles of the ocean, are commanded by the progeny which sprang from the forests of Britain—a progeny armed with the thunder of cannon, and clad with wings of steam and electricity.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LADY CLAUDIA

THE Lady Claudia was the first British Christian, if we are to accept the story which the Welsh tell of her; and the story is strongly confirmed, in part, by the testimony of history and of literature*.

Claudia was a native of Britain, a famous beauty and social leader at the great world-capital, Rome, a personal friend of Saint Paul. The Christian world may never know how much its early growth in the West was due to the influence which she exerted.

The story of Saint Paul, as related in the Bible, stops short with the last verses of the "Acts of the Apostles." He had come to Rome from the remote East, to make an appeal in his own behalf to the emperor. The arrival of such a prisoner, after his famous shipwreck on the island of Malta, must have caused something of a sensation in the imperial city. For two years, at least, he was allowed a great degree of freedom, while waiting for his appeal to be heard.

He spent his time in active missionary work. The Bible narrative, in taking leave of him, says:

And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired

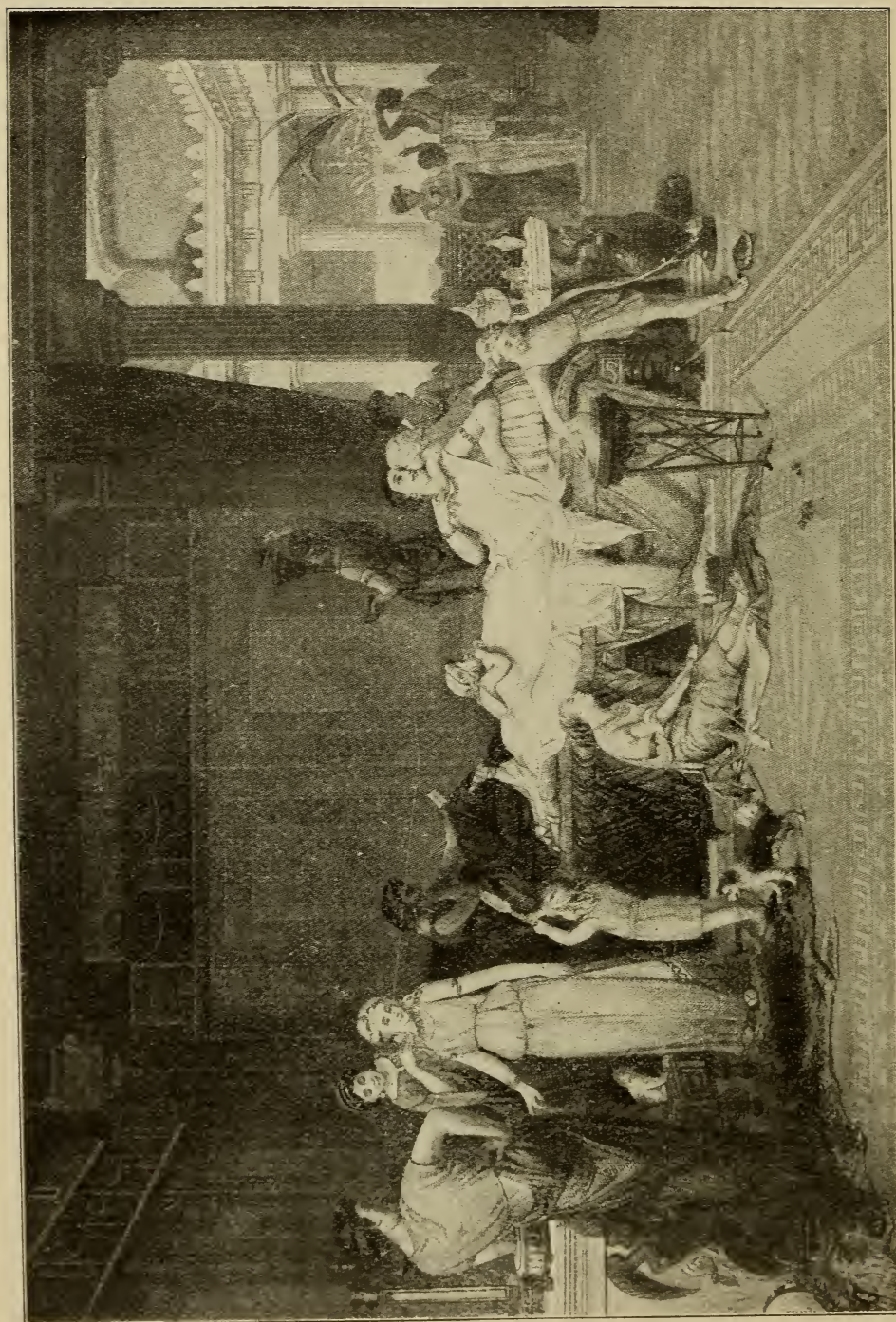
house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

Later information concerning the illustrious prisoner may be gleaned from the "Epistles" which he wrote from Rome to various churches and individuals.

It would seem that all classes of people "came in unto him." There was the runaway slave, Onesimus, whom Paul sent back to his master with a letter, known as the "Epistle of Paul to Philemon." Then there was Pudens, a high officer of the imperial household. Probably the latter became interested in Paul for political reasons, at first; for the apostle could give the Government information of great value concerning the troublesome provinces of the East.

The Lady Claudia was the daughter of a British prince named Cogidubnus, who became much attached to Claudius when the latter was in Britain. This prince added the name Claudius to his own, and gave the same name, in its feminine form, to his daughter.

Pudens may have seen some service in Britain, and possibly he became acquainted with Claudia at her father's castle. Pudens and Claudia were married at Rome, and we may judge that the wedding was a brilliant social event, from the attention it received at the hands of the Latin poet Martial.



A NOBLE ROMAN LADY AT HOME

This witty writer of epigrams was called upon to celebrate in elegant verse the doings of Roman notables. In Book Eleven of his "Epigrams" that have come down to us, we find that the Fifty-fourth is in honor of the bride. It begins as follows:

Our Claudia see, true Roman, though she springs
From a long line of painted British kings;
Italia's self might claim so fair a face,
And Athens envy her her matchless grace.

Another "Epigram" by the same author (the Thirteenth) is contained in Book Four, and relates to the wedding. It runs thus:

Claudia, late from abroad, O Rufus, has wedded my
Pudens.

Let us cry, "Hail, all hail, to thy nuptial torches, O
Hymen!"

Happily are the nard and the delicate cinnamon mingled;
Happily are the Thesean wines with the Massican honey;
Nor more happily are the elms with the grape-vines
entangled.

Like as the lotus loves the waters, the myrtle the borders,
So may immaculate Concord dwell in happy duration!

Ever may Venus thus be kind in her choice at a wedding:
Time will, indeed, bring age to the hero; but as to the
lady,

Never to him will she seem to have aged, though an
elderly matron.

In still another "Epigram" (the First in Book Thirty-three) the same poet playfully refers to the

hair of Encolpus, a son of Pudens, who is likely to have been the child of Claudia also, and who may have inherited from her the famous brown tresses of British royalty.

Pudens and Claudia, becoming acquainted with Saint Paul, were converted to his faith, and became prominent members of the early Christian Church at Rome. Paul, writing to Timothy—who had met with them at Rome, but had gone back to the East—tells him that these friends desire to be remembered. It is at the close of the “Second Epistle to Timothy.” Here he says:

Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.

The traditional story of Claudia is that she visited her old home in Britain, and won her father to the new faith; that the latter wrote to Saint Paul, inviting him to visit Britain; and that the great Apostle to the Gentiles wrote an answer to the invitation, and, later, paid a visit to the British prince. This is by no means improbable, though it is not verified by written history.

It is certain that Britain became Christianized in part at a very early day. Later, when the country was overrun by the heathen Saxons, and the Christian Britons were driven into Wales, it was necessary to convert the country anew, though some churches still remained to tell of the early Christians.

The father of Claudia was not king of the whole island. In fact, the land of Britain was ruled by a number of chieftains, in different parts, in the time of the Roman dominion; and it is probable that such had been the case in all preceding time, excepting when, for limited periods, some rulers of superior force may have extended their sway over neighboring tribes.

*

CHAPTER XX

LUCIUS

THROUGHOUT the reign of Marius, the king and his court appreciated the benefit of the Roman influence in Britain; for at this time the city of Rome was not only the capital of the civilized world, but also the chief center of wealth and culture.

Marius sent his son Coel—or Coillus, as the Romans called him—in infancy to be reared in the great city, and to receive the training which the best Roman teachers offered. Through all this reign the Roman tribute was willingly paid, and Britain remained at peace, in the enjoyment of a high degree of prosperity.

Coillus succeeded Marius, and his reign was like his father's. He left a son, Lucius, who is remembered in legend as the first Christian King of the Britons. It is related that the Bishop of Rome sent, at his request, two religious and learned men named Faganus and Duvanus, who baptized the royal household, and preached to the court and the people. This Bishop of Rome, or Pope, was Saint Eleutherius, who was the thirteenth in his line.

It must be remembered, however, that the whole

story of Lucius is legendary, rather than historical; for at this period Britain received little or no attention from the Roman writers. According to the story, the conversion of the country was effected very easily and very quickly. The Druid temples, which had stood for ages, were dedicated anew to the one Supreme God, with Christian ceremonies, and the forms of Christian worship were instituted in them in all parts of Britain.

It is said that at the time of the conversion of Lucius there were in the kingdom twenty-eight flamens and three arch-flamens. If this were true, it would indicate that the old religion of the Druids had been completely replaced by the idolatry of the Romans, which is very improbable. The flamens were priests of particular divinities, who performed the rites in honor of their respective gods and goddesses.

The religion of the Druids recognized one Supreme God, though it tolerated also certain minor divinities, as will be remembered. Its worst feature was its human sacrifices. It yielded but slowly to Roman influence, though it gave way before the teachings of the Christians.

According to the legend, the flamens had been the leading priests of the country, with their arch-flamens to govern and direct them; and these priests became converted to the Christian religion in a body, being made bishops of the new faith, while the arch-flamens were made archbishops.

Thus the system of a state church remained undisturbed by the change of the national religion. The seats of the three archbishops were London, York, and the City of Legions.

This story of the conversion of Britain, effected so suddenly and so quietly through the king, is doubtless far from true. It was long received, however, and in later centuries it led to serious disputes among the bishops of London, Canterbury, and York, who made it the basis of claims to special honor and power for themselves.

That there was such a ruler as Lucius is very probable. There is a mention of him in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," which is one of the earliest histories of the Church of England, though written many centuries later. The Christian religion was only tolerated at this time in the Empire, which was generally idolatrous; and the Bishop, or Pope, of Rome possessed little influence except that of a spiritual nature. In fact, the Popes of this period generally lost their lives by martyrdom.

It is evident, however, that Britain was Christianized in a measure at a very early day, being one of the first countries of the West to receive the new faith. More than four centuries later, when the Britons were driven into Wales, and the heathen Saxons occupied their lands in what is now England, the work of Christianizing the country had to be done over again, as has been stated in the preceding chapter; yet even then

there remained some churches which had continued through the turmoil of invasion and conquest, to tell of the Christian days of old, when the land was ruled by pious British kings.

Lucius passed away, it is said, in the year 156. He left no son to succeed him, and a period of confusion followed, in which many local chieftains contended for the supreme power. Some of these were friendly to the Romans, and some bitterly opposed to a continuation of the imperial power in their country.

Before leaving the subject of the early Christians in Britain, it may be well to speak here of a romantic story which arose in later centuries in reference to them. This story, which undoubtedly is pure fiction, relates that Joseph of Arimathæa—the rich man of the Bible narrative who gave up his beautiful tomb to receive in honor the body of Jesus, after His crucifixion—came to Britain soon after the resurrection of the Lord, and built a church at Glastonbury.

Joseph is said to have possessed a relic of singular interest and value, called the Holy Grail. This was an emerald cup, from which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. Some of the romances declared, also, that Joseph had carried it to the scene of the crucifixion, and had held it to receive the blood from the Saviour's wounds as He hung upon the cross. Others asserted that the Holy Grail was a dish that held the paschal lamb at the Last Supper.

A miraculous property of the Holy Grail was its disappearance from human sight when anyone came near it with impure thoughts. In the romances, the Holy Grail is said to have been long treasured at Glastonbury, until it disappeared,



HADRIAN

owing to the want of virtue of the Christians in whose care it was left. The story of the Holy Grail will be referred to again, in connection with the British ruler with whose name it is most associated in the romances of the Middle Ages.

For all the loyalty of Marius, Coillus, and Lucius to the Empire, it is clear that in the time of these kings

Britain was a subject of much anxiety to the emperors. The trouble lay in the north; for while the southern chiefs or kings and their people—in constant communication with the great capital city—had come to prize their connection with it, the

northern tribes had lost none of their old spirit of hostility to Rome. They regarded the people of the south with almost the same feeling, deeming them little different from the Romans themselves.

In the years 83 and 84 the Roman general Agricola, father-in-law of Tacitus, the historian, subdued Caledonia (Scotland). By his enlightened policy he greatly advanced the civilization of the whole country, and popularized the Roman customs; he fostered education, and aided in every good cause.

In the reign of the emperor Hadrian, Britain became an imperial residence. Hadrian made a tour of his vast empire, spending many years in its large provincial cities. In 119 he went to York. Here, as elsewhere, he effected many improvements, enlarging, fortifying, and beautifying the city. To protect it and the province from northern raids, he built a long wall of earth and wood, from the Eden River to the Tyne. Peace and prosperity followed in his path, and the Britons had reason long to remember the great days of his reign.

The vast structure erected at Rome by Hadrian to be his tomb, and known as the "Mole," is now the famous Castle of St. Angelo. Lord Byron, the English poet, speaks thus slightly of this wonderful tomb, in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (Canto the Fourth, Stanza CLII):

Turn to the Mole, which Hadrian raised on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,

Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose traveled phantasy, from the far Nile s
Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunk ashes, raise this dome. How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprang from such a birth!

CHAPTER XXI

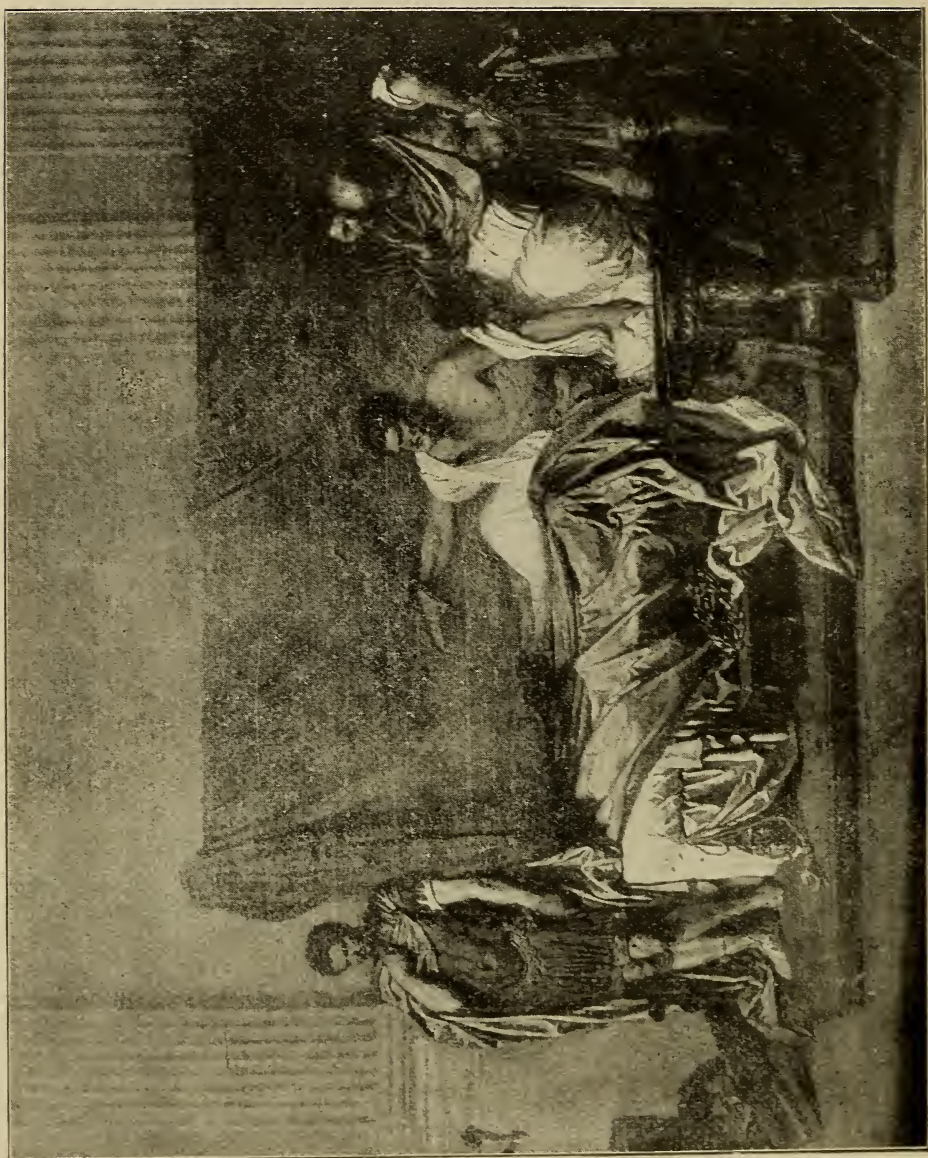
SEVERUS IN BRITAIN

A GAIN was Britain deemed worth the personal efforts of a Roman emperor for its reduction. Septimius Severus, one of the ablest of the imperial line, came to the island in the year 208, bringing with him his two sons, Geta and Caracalla, and leading an immense army.

Pressing to the North, where the inhabitants were very hostile, he lost fifty thousand men, according to the Roman historians. Nevertheless, he was highly successful in conquering the rebellious subjects, and in restoring order.

One of the most marvelous of the great public works for which the Empire was distinguished was the famous wall which Severus built across the island, as a barrier against the raids of the fierce warriors of the north. This wall extended from the mouth of the river Tyne to the Solway Frith. Its length was about sixty-eight miles. The wall was built of solid masonry, twelve feet high and eight feet thick. A ditch ran along the north side of it, and there were frequent towers along its entire length.

While Severus was at York, his son Caracalla (who is known in the British legend as Bassianus)



SEVERUS AND CARACALLA

made an attempt to murder him; but the attempt failed, and the kind-hearted father pardoned the unnatural son. A famous painting represents the base culprit face to face with the emperor, who lies weak from illness and care upon his bed, and who is reproaching the young man for his awful crime. The emperor's last years were embittered by the rivalries of his sons. He passed away at York; and the army, dreading a civil war between the two brothers, proclaimed them joint emperors.

The Roman historian Herodian has given an account of the splendid work of Severus in his long and arduous campaign. For about two years after the emperor's death, his two sons remained in Britain. On their return to Rome, Geta was murdered by his brother Caracalla, who now reigned as emperor without a rival.

Carausius, a man of low birth, seized the gov-



CARACALLA

ernment at London. He professed great friendship for the Roman Senate and people, and was intrusted with the command of a large fleet, for the protection of the coasts. He is said to have sailed entirely around the island. He was, however, a traitor to the Roman cause. The legend charges him with Caracalla's death, though this is an error. Carausius threw off the Roman yoke, and reigned for a time as an independent king. He was slain by Allectus, his chief officer, who succeeded to the throne, but who failed to maintain himself in his ill-gotten power.

The Britons rallied around a Cornish chief named Asclepiodotus, and marched upon the capital. Allectus fled, but was pursued and killed. A siege of London followed, and the walls were beaten down by powerful engines. When the city fell, the Roman allies of Allectus were beheaded by the conqueror.

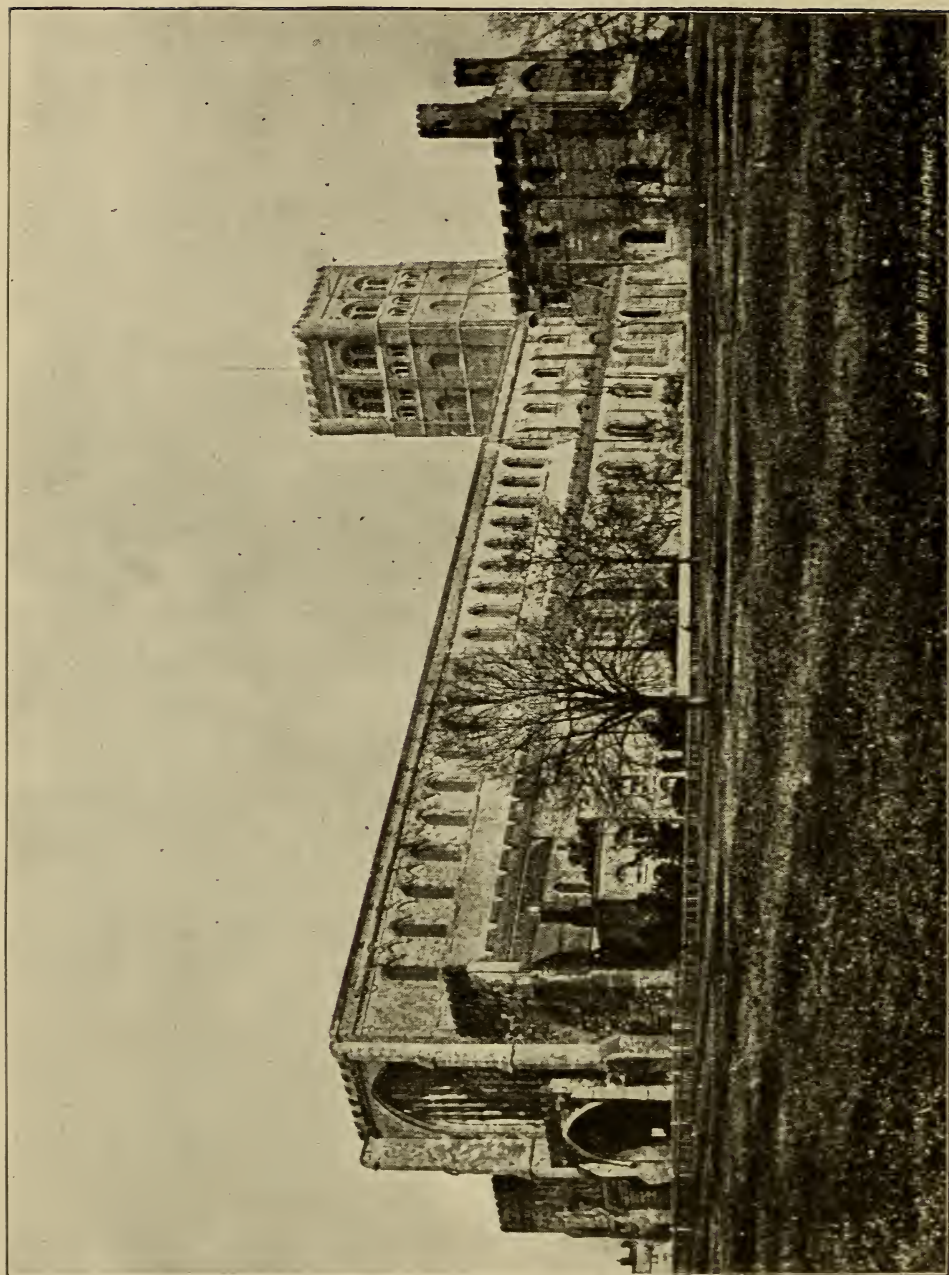
Here the legend varies from the truth of history. It was really the Romans who overthrew Carausius, after a severe struggle. Asclepiodotus, who is said to have been triumphantly crowned king at London, is scarcely mentioned in the histories of the period. He was recognized as a British officer under the Roman general Constantius Chlorus.

When Asclepiodotus was king, as we are told, a great persecution of Christians was ordered by the emperor Diocletian. It extended to all parts of the Empire, and vast numbers of martyrs suffered

cruel deaths in consequence of the emperor's endeavor to crush out the new religion. Many of the churches in Britain were destroyed, and numerous Christians sealed with their blood their testimony for Christ.

The first of these martyrs, or at least the most conspicuous, was Alban, who is remembered with affection and admiration for his holy life and glorious death. Alban was a native of the Roman town of Verulamium, in Britain. When a young man he went to Rome, with a dear friend whose name was Amphibalus, and for seven years he served in the Roman army. The friendship of these men was of a lofty type. Both became Christians. Amphibalus is believed to have taken the vows of a monk, and to have lived at Caerleon. The monk became a mark for persecution. It is said that Alban, finding that his friend Amphibalus was sought for by the persecutors, hid him in his house, and offered to die in his stead. Two other noted men, Julius and Aaron, were torn limb from limb. As for Alban, who had exchanged clothes with Amphibalus, he was not recognized by the soldiers, and thus his friend was saved.

Legend tells us that, as the Roman officers were leading Alban to execution, a multitude followed, and a notable miracle was performed. When they came to the river Thames, a dry path was opened for them through the river bed, and the waters stood up like solid walls on either side. Through



ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY

this Alban and his captors passed, followed by a thousand people, who were filled with wonder.

The executioner who was to kill Alban was so overcome by the sight that he refused to perform the deed, choosing rather to be himself a martyr. He was at once slain by the other officers.

This story is told in an ancient book by Gildas the Wise, of whom little or nothing is positively known. No one doubts that Saint Alban died for his faith, though there is some doubt as to the time of his martyrdom. Some say it was in the year 286, and others that it was in 303. The persecution of Diocletian continued with great fury for several years in Britain, after which there was a period of rest, and many of the churches were restored.

Four or five centuries after the death of the first British martyr, a large monastery was built at a place near Verulamium, and named in his honor. The town of St. Albans grew up about it, and there to-day you may see the very ancient building known as St. Alban's Abbey.

CHAPTER XXII

“OLD KING COLE”

THE name of the king who followed Asclepiodotus is better known to the children of the English-speaking world to-day than is that of almost any other ruler who ever lived. Everyone is familiar with the ditty which runs,—

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

How old this ditty is, nobody knows; but probably its antiquity is great, and possibly it may reflect something of fact in relation to the real king.

Coel, or Coyl, may have been a “merry old soul” in his hours of relaxation, but he was a stern warrior, an energetic organizer, a forceful man, through all his career.

Having a genius for government, he made up his mind to seize the royal power, and place the affairs of the kingdom upon a better basis.

He overthrew Asclepiodotus in a terrible battle,

and was at once recognized as king. He saw that nothing was to be gained by a continued war with the Romans; and when the Roman Senate sent to Britain the victorious general Constantius, who had conquered Spain, Coel determined to arrange a satisfactory peace with him. He proposed to pay to the Roman state the usual tribute, on condition that he should retain in his own hands the government of his kingdom. In this he was entirely successful. Constantius remained in Britain, retaining a general oversight of the Roman interests in that country.

Coel is best remembered as the builder of the city of Colchester, which in Roman days was a place of great importance. The city bears the name of its founder, to which is added a corruption of the Latin word *castra*, meaning camp. This termination, sometimes varied in form, is found in the names of a number of cities in Great Britain, to-day; as Winchester, Lancaster, Worcester, etc. Of these, Gloucester has been previously mentioned.

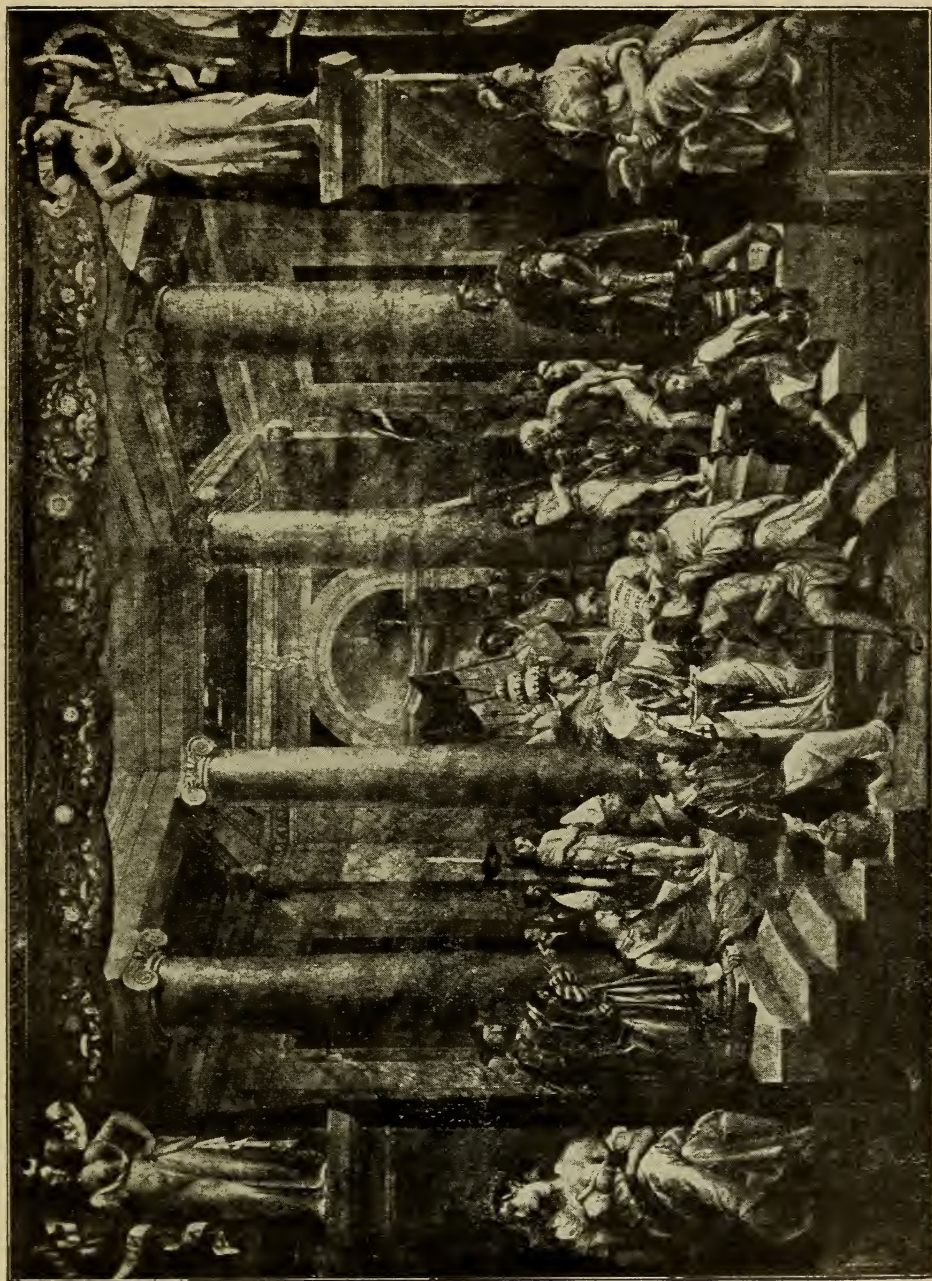
There can be no doubt of the magnificence of the old city of Colchester in the time of Roman supremacy. Archeological investigations have brought to light the remains of luxurious buildings, with beautiful mosaic floors, and richly ornamented walls. In the excavations that have been made, old coins have been discovered in abundance, together with jeweled ornaments for personal adornment.

The foundation walls of the ancient buildings indicate that the structures were large and massive.

Coel had no son to succeed him. His only child was his daughter Helena, who is represented to have been as beautiful as the Helen of Trojan story. Helena was carefully educated, and is said to have excelled in music. Probably the king himself was a lover of this art. The "pipe" for which he called in the nursery song was assuredly not a tobacco pipe, for he lived long, very long, before the men of Europe had learned to smoke. It must have been some form of musical instrument. His "bowl," by the way, may have been a cup of wine, or a beveled ball used in a very ancient game from which we have derived our modern bowling.

King Coel died very suddenly, after an illness of only eight days. Constantius was married almost immediately to the beautiful Helena, as had been arranged before the death of her father. Constantius continued to reside in Britain for eleven years, administering the affairs of the realm. At the end of that time he died at York.

Constantius and Helena had a son who was destined to fill the world with his fame. This was Constantine, who later became emperor of Rome. He built the proud city of Constantinople, and made of it a great capital of the eastern half of the Roman Empire. He it was who, of all the emperors, first became a convert to the Christian faith, and he made it the religion of the Empire.



THE BAPTISM OF CONSTANTINE. — *Pennie*

The conversion of Constantine to the Christian faith marked an era in the history of the world. Thenceforth, the imperial government, which had so often persecuted the Christians, was generally a defender of their faith, and the Church acquired vast power throughout the Roman world.

The emperor's conversion was believed to be the result of a miracle. In the year 312, when he was in the midst of an arduous campaign in the Far East, surrounded by dangers, and much perplexed in mind, he was sitting, one day, in the door of his tent, at midday, and beheld a strange sign in the heavens. It was a flaming cross. Accompanying it, in letters of living light, was written a sentence which is expressed in Latin by the words, "*In Hoc Signo Vincas*" (By this standard thou shalt conquer). Obedient unto the heavenly vision, he had the cross carried as an ensign at the head of his army; and his success in the war was attributed to the favor of heaven. This story of the great emperor was current at the time, and is one of the most celebrated of the ancient accounts of miraculous visions. Constantine was not baptized until the close of his life. The administration of the solemn ordinance to the first Christian emperor was an act of deep significance to Christians, everywhere.

Helena is famous in the history of the church, and was declared to be a saint, as well as an empress. She determined to visit the Holy Land,



THE VISION OF HELENA.—*De Veronese*

and to investigate for herself the evidences of the truth of Scripture. In an excavation which she conducted on the traditional site of the crucifixion of the Saviour, at Jerusalem, she is said to have discovered the true cross upon which He suffered death. This she brought with her on her return to Europe.

She brought, also, the skulls of three men said to have been the *magi*, or "wise men of the East," who visited the infant Saviour at Bethlehem, as related in Scripture. These are the three men described at length in the opening chapters of Lew Wallace's famous novel, "Ben Hur." The skulls have been carefully preserved to this day, and now repose in the great cathedral of Cologne, in Germany. A celebrated picture of the empress represents her as having a vision of the cross borne by cherubs. You will read of Constantine, and perhaps also of Helena, in the history of Rome.

No one doubts that Constantius died in Britain, or that Constantine lived there. Yet modern critics generally claim that Helena was not really the daughter of Coel, as the legend states. There is evidence both in support of the story and against it. Perhaps it will never be known how much of the legendary account of Saint Helena's life and work is fact, and how much fancy.

Helena was divorced by Constantius, for reasons of state, but was highly honored by her son when he became master of the Roman world. Spenser,

in the "Faerie Queene," speaks thus of King Coel and Helena:

Then gan this realm renew her pass-ed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and limc.

Which when the Romans heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom King Coyll made an agre-e-ment,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fair Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all goodly thews and goodly praise
Did far excel, but was most famous hight
For skill in music of all in her days,
As well in curious instruments as cunning lays:

Of whom he did great Constantine beget,
Who afterward was Emperor of Rome.

CHAPTER XXIII

VORTIGERN

A BRITISH noble named Octavius succeeded in having himself proclaimed king, some time after the death of Coel; and for many years he gave annoyance to the Romans. He left no son, but a daughter. She, after much dissension among her counselors, was married to a kinsman named Maximus, who had become a Roman Senator. In the legendary story he is called Maximian; but he must not be confounded with the emperor of that name. After a stormy career, he is said to have been assassinated at Rome. In reality, he was killed by the emperor Theodosius, in a continental war.

Gratian Municeps (not the emperor Gratian) followed, and is said to have built a wall across the country to the north—though this is doubtless an error, since the wall of Severus was already built, and had stood for two hundred years. Even with this wall the Britons were unable to withstand the barbarians from the north, who invaded the island (as often before), and were not content with ravaging the coasts, but pressed down through the interior, determined to possess themselves of the whole.

The emperor was unable to aid the Britons. The Empire, indeed, was tottering to its fall. Dissensions within and invasions from without had so weakened it that its power was no longer feared. Vainly did the Britons appeal to Rome for aid against their enemies. "The sea drives us to the barbarians," they said, "and the barbarians drive us back to the sea; thus are we tossed to and fro between two kinds of death, being either drowned or put to the sword." These complaints are known in history as "the Groans of the Britons."

The Gauls across the Channel were alike unprotected from the hordes of the North, and made common cause with the British, the people conferring upon one of their number, named Constantine, the sovereignty of both countries. This Constantine, who must not be confounded with the son of Helena, represented the Roman power in Britain, but was ambitious to reign independently. He is said to have been married to a noble Roman lady, who had been educated by Guethelin, Archbishop of London.

History tells us that Constantine caused himself to be proclaimed emperor, and that he seemed at one time likely to succeed in establishing himself as such. He defeated the German invaders of Gaul, and wrested Spain from the emperor Honorius. His success, however, was brief. He died, leaving three sons—Constans, Aurelius Ambrosius, and Uther Pendragon.

Constans was a priest, under vows. Nevertheless, he was called to the throne, through the influence of Vortigern, a powerful British noble. It is said that, when the bishops all refused to crown a priest, Vortigern performed that office himself.

Vortigern governed the young king by the force of his own will, and succeeded in winning to himself the favor of the populace by the exercise of every base art. When he had fully established his power, he contrived to have the king assassinated, and seated himself on the throne. Such is the legendary account. However, it is believed that Constans and his father were both killed in Gaul, in which country they had fixed the seat of their government, leaving Britain to suffer great neglect.

Vortigern, at all events, became king of the Britons. In his reign occurred an event of vast significance in the history of the great world in succeeding ages. This was the Saxon migration, by which Great Britain became peopled by a branch of the Germanic race known as the Anglo-Saxons. Vortigern had only trouble in his reign. He was unable to repress the invaders from the north, known in history as the Picts and Scots, and he feared the vengeance of the brothers of the late king, who had fled to the continent.

In the year 449 there arrived in Kent two Germanic chiefs, known as Hengist and Horsa, who came attended by a bold company of warriors armed with short swords. Vortigern received his

visitors kindly, and invited them to bring a larger force and aid him against his enemies. The invitation was accepted, and great numbers followed these leaders to Britain, where they quickly overcame the invaders from the north, and then, instead of returning home, determined to remain permanently. The newcomers were of various tribes, known as Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. They were from Jutland (now in Denmark) and the neighboring shores of Germany.

Vortigern, being invited to visit the camp of Hengist, was captivated by the beauty of that chieftain's daughter Rowena, who gave him wine in a goblet of gold, and he at once asked for her hand in marriage. Immediately, while he was half intoxicated with the wine, the marriage ceremony was performed, and Vortigern gave to Hengist the whole of Kent.

Vortigern had already three sons, and was nominally a Christian. His marriage to a pagan, and his reckless disposition of one of the most important provinces of the kingdom, gave great offense to the people, who soon set up his son Vortimer to reign in his stead, and made war upon the Saxons, as the newcomers were generally called. In one of the battles that were fought, Catigern, another son of Vortigern, met Horsa in a hand-to-hand contest, and both were killed. A peculiar old structure of stones, called "Kit Cotty's House," in Kent, is said to mark the grave of Catigern.

Vortigern seems to have been completely under the influence of his young wife. Rowena did not fail to note the ability of Vortimer, and she determined to have him removed. She basely bribed one of his companions to poison him.

After his son's death, the king became seriously alarmed at the vast number of Saxons who were coming to his country, and resolved to lead his people against them. The crafty Hengist, learning of this, pacified Vortigern by claiming that he had not learned of Vortimer's death, and that his army was only for defensive purposes. He invited the British king and nobles to a great conference at Ambrius (now Ambresbury). He treacherously planned that all the Saxons should carry daggers hidden under their clothing.

While they were in the midst of their discussions, Hengist suddenly called out, "Take your arms!" This was **the** signal which he had arranged to give his men for a general slaughter of the Britons. As he spoke, Hengist seized Vortigern by the cloak, and held him fast, while four hundred and sixty of the British nobles and officers were stabbed to death.

One valiant Briton, Eldol by name, is said to have made a brave defense. Seizing a stake of wood, which he happened to see lying near, he used it as a club; and so powerful were his strokes that he killed or maimed no less than seventy Saxons by his blows, and then made his escape.

Some others of the Britons also defended themselves with spirit; but as all were taken completely by surprise, they were overcome without much difficulty.

Vortigern was not killed, but was held as a prisoner until he bought his release by delivering up to the Saxons his principal towns. He then retired to Cambria (Wales), where he was not molested by them.

Of the stories told of Vortigern, there is a very singular one, which relates to a youth of supernatural powers. It formed the basis of some very famous romances in later centuries. The name of the youth was Merlin. The original account of him bears little resemblance to the later fictions of the romancers.

The defeated king determined to build in Cambria a strong tower for his own defense; but though he selected for its site a ledge of a mountain, the foundations which the workmen laid by day were swallowed up at night. On consulting with magicians, he was told that he must find a youth who never had a human father, kill him, and sprinkle the stones and mortar with his blood. Then the foundations, they said, would not sink. The king sent messengers to all parts of the country, to find, if possible, a person answering to this description.

When these messengers came to a town called Caer-Merdin, they found some youths playing before the gate, and sat down among them to see

the game. A dispute arose between two of the players, and one of them angrily said to the other:

“You fool! How do you presume to quarrel with me? I am of royal blood; while you—you never had a father, and nobody knows who you are.”

The name of the young man so addressed was Merlin. Upon inquiry, it was found that his mother was the daughter of a prince, and lived among the nuns in the town of Dimetia. On learning this, the messengers of Vortigern summoned both the mother and the son to appear before the king, which they did. The lady, on being questioned, declared that Merlin was the son of a phantom, or spirit, without bodily form.

Merlin now inquired why he had been brought before the king, and was fully informed of the reason, and of the king's intention to kill him and sprinkle his blood upon the building materials of the new tower.

Merlin boldly demanded that the magicians of the king be brought before him; and when they had come, he asked of them what had caused the foundations to sink. When they were unable to answer, Merlin told them that there was a pond of water deep under the ground. An excavation was made, and this was found to be the case.

Merlin then predicted that when the pond should be drained, there would be found two hollow stones at the bottom, and in them two sleeping dragons. This also turned out as he had said.

Then Vortigern sat upon the bank of the drained pond, and the two dragons, one white and one red, came forth and fought one with another. At first the white dragon prevailed, and then the red.

The king now believed the young man to be a true prophet, and listened with awe to his explanation of what all this portended. The prophecy, as it has come down to us, is long and weird. What the weak and cowardly king most desired to know was his own fate.

"Fly the fire of the sons of Constantine!" said Merlin.

On the very next day, the story runs, the two brothers of Constans, the king whom Vortigern had murdered, arrived with a large army from Gaul. Vortigern was in the city of Genoren, to which he had fled for refuge. The sons of Constantine pursued him. They tried to beat down the walls of the city; and when they failed in this, they set fire to the place.

The king had shut himself up in a tower, in his terror, and could not summon up the courage to come out and fight. The tower was burned, and he perished in it. Thus did "the fire of the sons of Constantine" bring punishment to the murderer.

Aurelius Ambrosius now became king of the Britons in Cambria, which the Saxons called "Wales"—perhaps at first in an attempt to call it *Gales*, or the country of the Gauls (as they assumed the Britons to be), though the Saxon root-word



THE GIANTS' DANCE.—(*Stonehenge*)

wal had a meaning of its own, signifying *stranger*, or *foreigner*, and was thus applied to the Britons and to their country. A war with the Saxons followed, and Eldol, in one of the battles, found an opportunity to revenge himself on Hengist. Seizing him by the helmet, he dragged him, a prisoner, to the British battle line; and after the fight was over, the Saxon chief was beheaded, Eldol cleaving the captive's neck with a heavy sword.

At the suggestion of Merlin, the king decided to attempt a mighty feat of engineering in the erection of a monument in honor of his victories. This was no less than the removal from Ireland of a vast fabric of magical stones, called the "Giants' Dance." The giants of old, Merlin declared, had brought the stones from Africa, for their medicinal virtues; for the water in which any of these stones were washed would heal any sick persons who might be immersed in it.

Uther Pendragon, brother of the king, conducted an expedition of fifteen thousand men to Ireland, defeated the natives who opposed them, and, under the direction of Merlin, brought the great stone fabric to Britain and set it up, amid great rejoicings.

Thus does legend account for the Druidical remains at Stonehenge. Of the real origin of this marvelous monument of antiquity, we really know nothing. It was erected, no doubt, far, far in the past, before the beginning of history.

Aurelius is said to have been poisoned by order of Pascentius, a chieftain whom he had defeated in battle. His death, we are told, was prefigured by a star of wonderful brightness.

Uther Pendragon succeeded, and continued the war with the Saxons, defeating Octa, the son of Hengist, and Octa's kinsman Eossa. Uther, too, died from poison, which was put into his favorite spring by his Saxon foes. He is remembered chiefly as the father of Arthur. His name is immortalized in a familiar verse of Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Book I, l. 580). The oft-cited reference is in these words:

What resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric Knights.

It is a little singular that the name of so great a hero as Arthur does not appear at all in this poem, while that of his less famous father is thus rendered familiar to the world.

Of the period of Vortigern and Aurelius, we have little authoritative information. The Romans no longer visited the Britons, or wrote about them. The Roman Empire of the West came to its end in the year 476, and a period of ignorance, called the Dark Ages, began, from which Europe did not emerge for a thousand years.

CHAPTER XXIV

KING ARTHUR

ARTHUR, the son of Uther, is the most famous of all the legendary kings of Britain. His fame rests largely, however, upon the romances which were written many centuries after his death. Indeed, he came to be a favorite subject for the early English story-writers who sought to depict ideal manhood; and his name has become a symbol for loftiness of character and purity of life.

Heretofore the story of the British kings has been in part legendary and in part historical. With the downfall of Roman power the historical record ends; and for the rest the account is partly legend and partly pure fiction. We will follow first the legend of this famous king.

The crown of Britain was placed upon Arthur's head when he was but fifteen years of age. In his first impulse of boyish generosity he emptied his treasury, giving all its wealth to the soldiers.

Determined from the beginning to recover from the Saxons as much as possible of the ancient kingdom of Britain, he advanced against them at York, where a great Saxon army, newly arrived from the Continent, had assembled under command of Colgrin. Arthur won a great victory over

his foes, who were allied with the Picts and Scots, the ancient enemies of his people.

The battle occurred on the river Douglas, and Colgrin fled from the field to the city of York, where he prepared to sustain a siege. His brother Baldulph—then on the eastern coast, awaiting reinforcements from across the sea—learned of Colgrin's situation, and hastened to his relief. Arthur sent Cador, the Duke of Cornwall, to intercept him, and in this the duke succeeded.

Baldulph then had recourse to stratagem. Shaving his head and beard, he assumed the disguise of a harper and jester. He passed, unsuspected, through the host of the besiegers at York, for the soldiers were always kind to the players who amused their long hours of waiting, and had little reason to suspect that a poor harper was a king in disguise. When Baldulph reached the walls of the city, he was recognized by the soldiers above, who let down cords and drew him up to them.

At that time a powerful fleet arrived with reinforcements for the Saxons, and Arthur was persuaded by his counselors to retire from the siege. He withdrew to London, and sent ambassadors to his nephew, King Hoel of Armorica, in Gaul, requesting aid.

Hoel quickly responded, and came with an army of fifteen thousand men. He landed at Hamo's Port (Southampton), where Arthur joyfully received him, and the two Christian kings advanced

against the heathen armies in Lindocolinum (Lincoln).

Defeated at first, the Saxons retired to the forest of Celidon, where they were protected by the thick trees. Arthur fenced them in with a redoubt of tree-trunks, and thus besieged them. Being out of provisions, the Saxons made the most abject terms of surrender, on condition that they should be allowed to return to their own country. They gave up all their valuables, and even agreed to send tribute money from the Continent.

They were permitted to depart from Britain; but they did not keep their word. Shortly after putting out to sea, they turned about and landed at Totness, and ravaged the country as far as the city of Bath, putting all the peasantry to the sword.

Arthur left King Hoel, who was ill at Alclud, and hurried to Somerset, where he won a great victory. Colgrin and Baldulph were both slain.

This was a conflict of religions, as well as of races. Arthur wore a gold helmet and a shield which bore the portrait of the Virgin Mary, and trusted in God to enable him to overthrow his heathen adversaries who broke their solemn covenants. Leaving the Duke of Cornwall to pursue the defeated Saxons, he hastened to Alclud, where the Picts and Scots were besieging his nephew. And now the two kings pursued the besiegers to Loch Lomond, in Scotland.

At this time the realm was invaded from a new quarter, and Arthur had to face an army from Ireland. So exasperated was he at the continual warfare with the Picts and Scots, that he thought of exterminating the whole race of them; but from this he was dissuaded by the entreaties of their priests. A period of peace succeeded, in which Arthur restored the ruined churches of York, amid great and general rejoicings.

Arthur now settled the affairs of Scotland, appointing princes to rule in the various provinces. Next he effected a complete conquest of Ireland, and conquered Iceland, Scandinavia, and the Orkneys, placing over them kings of his choice. Next the great king went to Gaul, and besieged Flollo, who still claimed to be a representative of the Roman Empire, at Paris.

Flollo proposed that, in order to spare the suffering of a great battle, there should be but a single combat between him and the king of the Britons. To this the chivalrous Arthur consented, and the duel was arranged to take place on the island within the city of Paris.

It was a glorious combat. There were thousands of spectators. Both of the chieftains were arrayed in coats of glittering mail, and were mounted on magnificent horses. When they ran together, Arthur's lance struck the breast of Flollo, and the latter was thrown off his horse. Before the king could despatch him, Flollo sprang up and stabbed

the king's horse, and both beast and rider fell. There followed a terrific combat on foot.

Flollo aimed a heavy blow at the head of Arthur, who was saved only by the resistance of his helmet. Then Arthur hurled upon the head of Flollo a terrible blow with his battle-ax, and the Gallic ruler sank to the ground and expired.

For nine years King Arthur remained in France, holding his court at Paris, and bestowing the government of the various provinces upon worthy rulers. Then he returned to Britain, and was solemnly crowned in the City of Legions, with great splendor.

Learning of a combination of eastern kings for the overthrow of his realm, Arthur left the government of Britain to his nephew Modred, and prepared to return to the Continent.

While sailing from Hamo's Port, he had a strange dream at midnight. He thought he saw a flying bear, which grappled with a great dragon having flaming eyes. The dragon burned its adversary with its fiery breath, and the bear fell, scorched, to the earth. This was interpreted to mean that Arthur (the dragon) should have an encounter with a giant (the bear).

Shortly afterward the king learned that a great Spanish giant had stolen Helena, the niece of Hoel, and had carried her away to Michael's Mount, or Mont St. Michel, a towering island rock just off the northern coast of France. With only

two companions—Bedver, a butler, and Caius, a sewer—the king sought out this lonely retreat.

Bedver at first approached it in a boat, alone. Listening at the base of the cliff, he heard the piteous cries of a woman. Hurriedly climbing the ascent, he found upon the summit a fire and a newly-made grave, near which was seated an old woman, who was weeping bitterly.

The old woman urged Bedver to fly at once, and lose not a moment. She said that the giant had killed both the princess and her maid, who had just been buried. Hastening back to join the king, Bedver told him what he had seen and heard. Then Arthur sought out the giant alone, and there was a terrible conflict between them.

Two strong men could scarcely have lifted the giant's club from the ground. Yet the giant's blows upon Arthur's shield fell harmless, though they made the mountain ring with their noise. A skillful thrust from Arthur's mighty sword at last laid the monster low; and then, the attendants having come up, Bedver struck off the giant's head, which was given to an armor-bearer, to be carried to the camp of the army when they should land. The ruins upon Michael's Mount are said to have been Helena's tomb.

Arthur's alleged wars on the Continent are in keeping with these stories handed down from the days of ignorance. They need not be followed in detail.

While crossing the Alps on his way to Rome, the king learned that his nephew Modred, whom he had left as regent, had set the crown upon his own head. Arthur returned to Britain, where he twice defeated Modred's army. In the last of the battles the great king himself was wounded unto death. Yet he did not die as other mortals. There is something very mysterious about his end. By his own orders the dying hero was borne away to the Isle of Avalon, whence he never returned. No such island is now known.

It is easy to see that the story of Arthur's reign is not history in any sense. He lived in a time when little or nothing was written, and when there were no Druids to perpetuate events in carefully composed verses. Concerning Arthur's alleged exploits on the Continent, Dr. J. A. Giles, of Oxford, remarks:

It is wonderful that the contents of this book [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] should ever have passed for authentic history; our ancestors of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries must have been singularly ignorant of everything concerning the later ages of the Roman Empire, and the formation of the modern kingdoms of France and Germany, etc., if they could believe that Arthur ever held court in Paris.

The most that we really know about Arthur is that he was a great and beloved leader of the Britons, who made a brave stand against the Saxons in defense of his country and people.

The Arthur of pure fiction is the hero of a vast number of stories. Toward the close of the Middle Ages romance began to flourish in the lands of Western Europe. There were elegant romances of chivalry, which were told for amusement, and there were religious romances, composed with a view to aiding the work of the churches. Gradually, a number of these, which were not at all connected in the beginning, became united in what is called a "cycle." That is, they came to be told about the same persons, or to be connected with them in some way.

In all the romances of what is called the "Arthurian Cycle" King Arthur is made the central figure; and the stories take up his wife, Queen Guinevere, and the various knights and ladies of his court, together with Merlin, the "enchanter," and the mysterious Holy Grail, that have both been described in preceding chapters of this book.

Arthur's sword was named Excalibur. He received it in a very mysterious manner. While mourning over his earlier sword, which was broken, he saw an arm rise from the surface of a lake, near by, and he received the weapon from its hand. His mantle was made from the beards of kings, and was won by conquest. Camelot (Winchester) was his capital, and his palace was built through the magic of Merlin. In its great hall was a round table, with places for his knights, the number of



THE ARM IN THE LAKE

these varying from a dozen to several hundred, according to the story-teller.

A place was left upon the table for the Holy Grail when it should reappear on the earth; and the Knights of the Round Table devoted their lives to the service of God, in the hope that this sacred dish might be restored to men. Endless stories are told of the "quests" made through the earth by these pure-hearted men in search of it. None of these is more beautiful than that contained in the poem of James Russell Lowell, entitled "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Sir Lancelot du Lac figures in the old romances as one of the most gifted of all the knights; but he caused the beautiful Queen Guinevere to sin, and destroyed her happiness. Then she retired to a convent, where she found peace in penitence.

Geraint, a nephew of the king, was married to Enid, a model of wifely love and patience, whom he long misunderstood and subjected to severe trials.

Sir Galahad the Chaste was successful in his quest, for he was permitted to see the Holy Grail borne by angels through the air.

Elaine, a maid of Astolat, who nursed the wounds of Sir Lancelot, fell in love with the knight, and died from her hopeless passion.

Vivian, a counterpart of Merlin, was the original "Lady of the Lake." Merlin revealed to her the secret of a charm, and she treacherously used



THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN

it to confine him forever in a bush in a certain forest.

When King Arthur received his mortal wound from his nephew Modred, he believed that he would not die, and gave orders that he be laid in a barge, draped in black, that he might make a journey to the Isle of Avalon.

Sir Bedivere was now the last remaining knight of all the famous company of the Round Table. He begged to be permitted to go with the king, but this was denied him. At the king's order he flung far out into the lake the sword Excalibur, and again the arm rose from the lake and received it. The journey of the king to the fabulous Isle of Avalon is called the "passing" of Arthur.

Lord Tennyson, the late Poet Laureate of Great Britain, wrote many poems relating to Arthur and the knights and ladies of his court. A number of these, constituting a cycle, he entitled the "Idylls of the King," and dedicated to the memory of Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria. A collection of Arthurian tales, in Malory's beautiful English prose of old days, was issued about half a century ago, by Bulfinch, and has been very widely read.

Other writers of poetry and prose, on both sides of the Atlantic, have caused the subject to be popular in our own time; and there are few that love the beautiful in story who are not acquainted to some extent with the tales of the great British king

of ancient days. Here is Tennyson's poem on the passing of Arthur:

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So ALL day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonness about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall nevermore, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie,
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

* To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes,
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah, my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

The story of the ancient Britons is told. From the time of Arthur, they abandoned to the Saxon invaders almost the whole of England (Angle-land); but in the mountainous tract of Wales they maintained their independence for centuries. There and in Cornwall are to be found their descendants to this day.

Christianity and letters came again to England as the Saxons became converted and instructed by missionaries from Rome; and in British soil took

root and developed the mighty civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race. For eight centuries the Welsh have shared the high destiny of the English nation; yet to this day they cling tenaciously to the language and the traditions of their remote ancestors.

In every generation for centuries many have gone forth from Wales to mingle with the other elements of population in the English-speaking world, and have left their impress strongly marked upon society. Even in England to-day the Welsh surnames are among the most common and familiar, showing how thoroughly the ancient British blood has been mingled with the Anglo-Saxon.

Both of the great divisions of the English-speaking world of to-day are of composite origin; and one of the race elements which has proved a very important factor in the development of each as a people is that of the ancient Britons. Over the English nation the Welsh House of Tudor reigned from 1485 to 1603, which period includes some of the most noted reigns in history; and from this house is descended the present royal family of the United Kingdom. Of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, no less than eighteen were of Welsh origin; and fourteen of the American generals in the Revolutionary War were Welsh by nativity or descent. The captain of the "Mayflower," and a number of the Pilgrims were Welshmen. Eight of our presidents have been of the same stock.

The name *Britain*, as applied to the island, fell into disuse with the development of the kingdoms of England and Scotland. A form of the word was applied to a portion of the mainland of France, to which great numbers of the Britons fled at the time of the Saxon conquest. This important part of the Gallic coast received the name of Brittany (Bretagne), by which it is known to this day. Three centuries ago, when England and Scotland became united under one king, James the First, the name of Britain was revived, to designate the entire island, with the prefix Great, to distinguish it from the lesser Britain (Brittany) beyond the Channel.

Many of the ancient records and poems of the Welsh were ruthlessly destroyed, when Wales was invaded by the English; and there was a general massacre of the Welsh bards, who were the custodians of the national traditions. These barbarous acts were committed in the effort to extinguish the spirit of nationality and exclusiveness of the proud Welsh people.

The oldest existing account of the legendary kings of Britain is the *Historia Britonum*, which was written in Latin by Geoffrey, an archdeacon of Monmouth, who became Bishop of St. Asaph, and who died about 1154. Geoffrey claimed to have drawn his materials from an old manuscript book brought from Brittany by Walter, an archdeacon of Oxford. Between the death of King

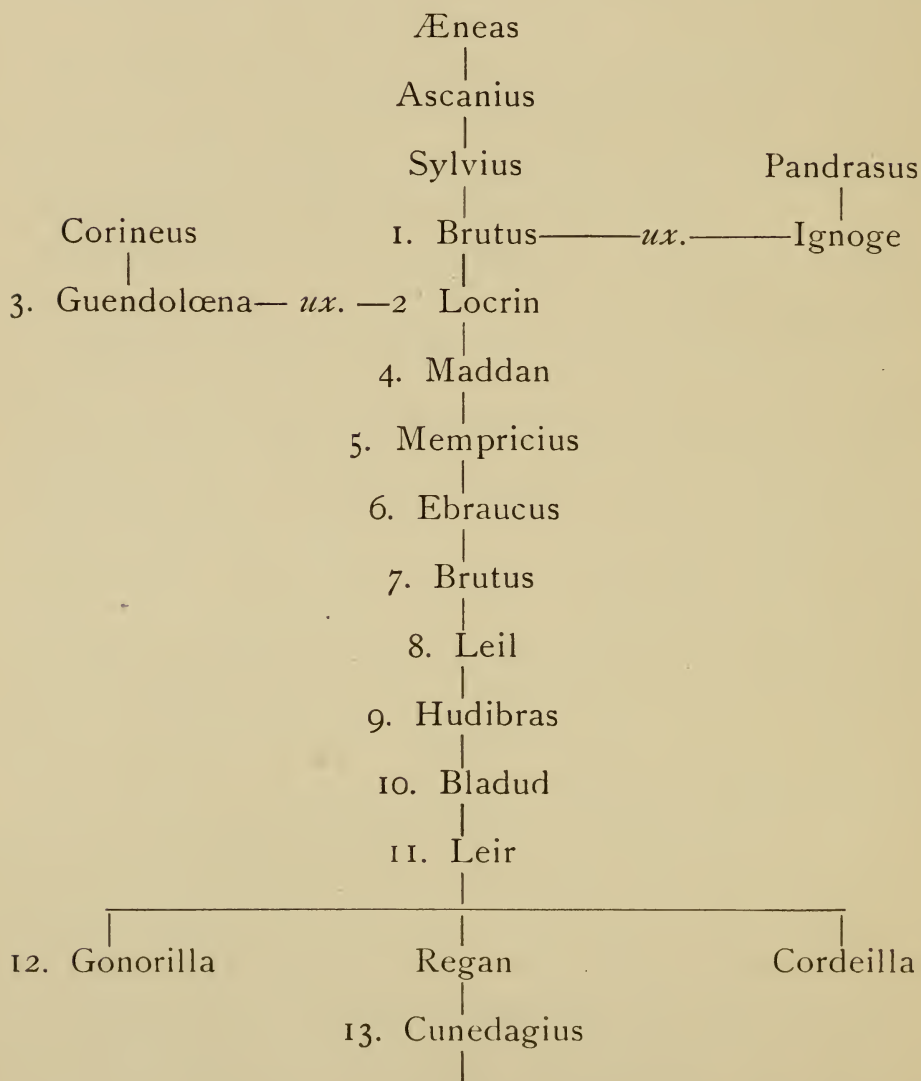
Arthur and the appearance of Geoffrey's history there is a span of more than five centuries. In the absence of corroborative manuscripts, it is of course impossible now to trace the transmission of the narrative through this long period in a satisfactory manner.

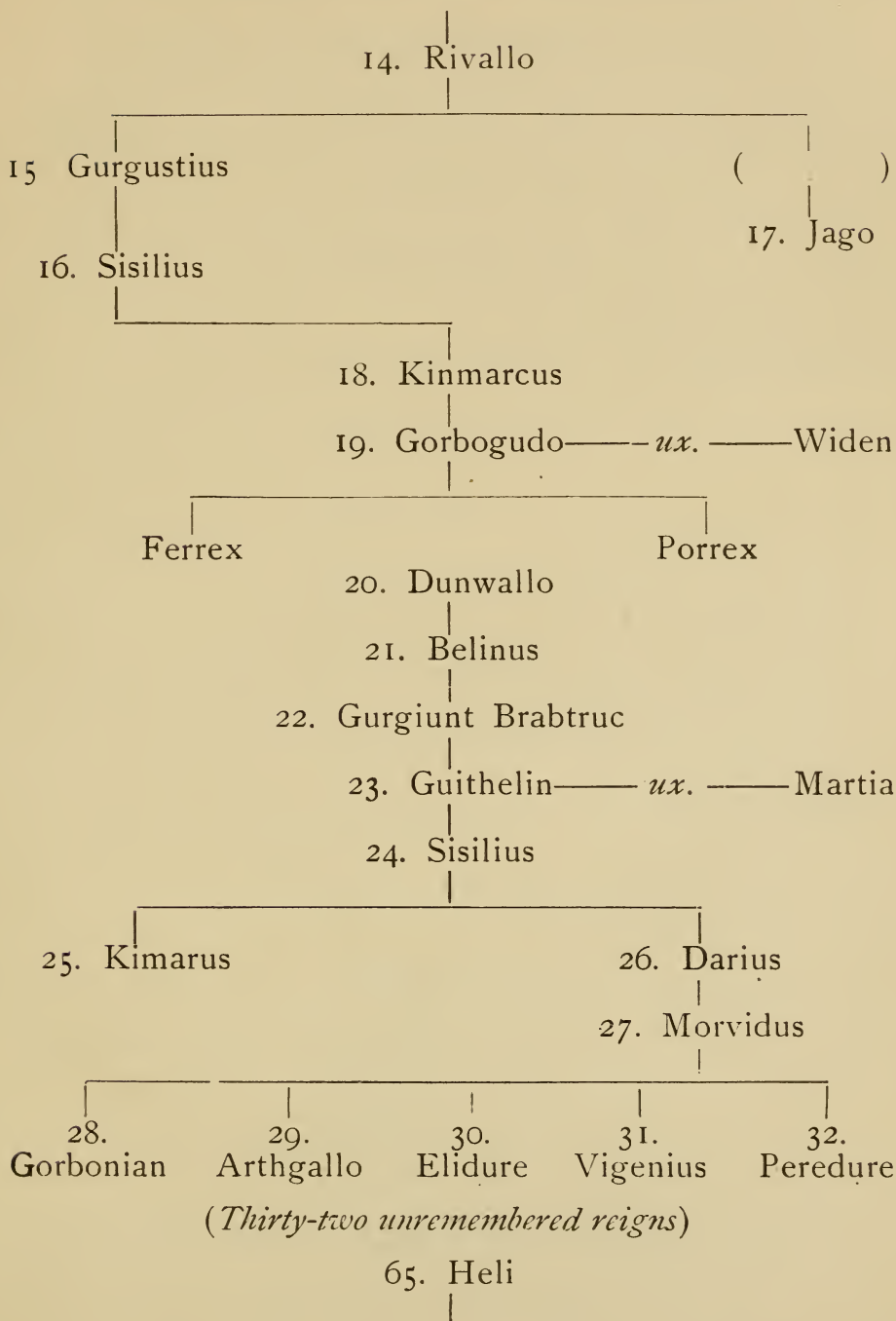
Geoffrey's history met with a general acceptance, and the kings of England proudly traced their succession from Brut, the Trojan prince. When subjected to criticism at a later period, this narrative shared the fate of the Greek and Roman legends, and was rejected by historians.

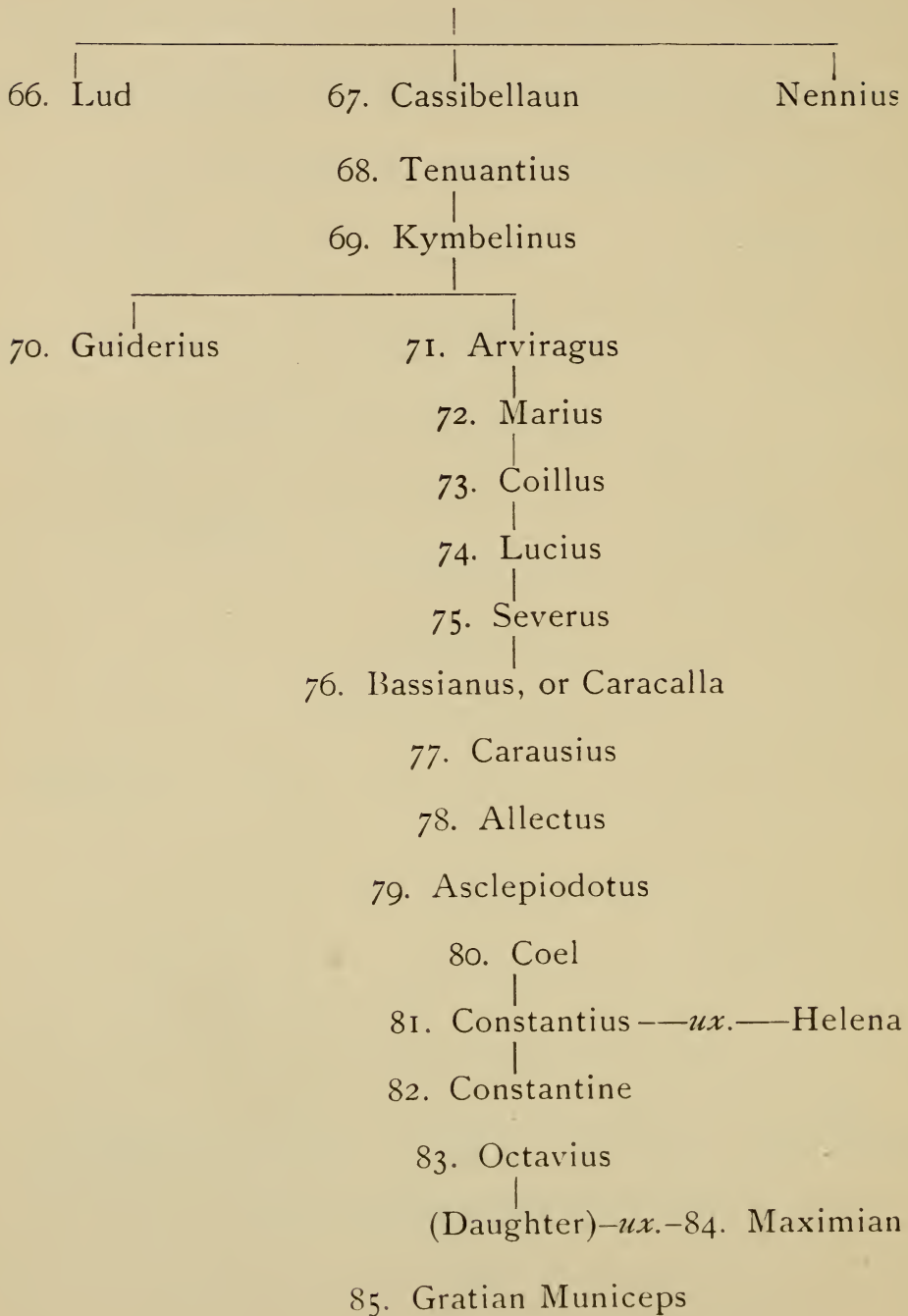
Within recent times the real value of the legends of all nations has come to be appreciated; and the tales of ancient heroes of the Greeks and Romans, while not now accepted as history, are more fondly cherished than ever before, being assigned their true place as folklore. The British legends—equally picturesque, equally illustrative of the character and institutions of the people among whom they originated—have for us an added interest, since they relate to our own kindred in the ancient British world.

THE ROYAL LINE OF ANCIENT BRITAIN

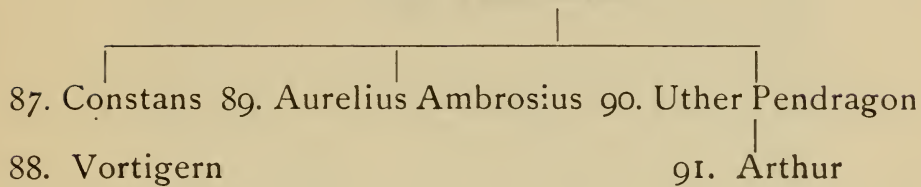
According to Geoffrey of Monmouth

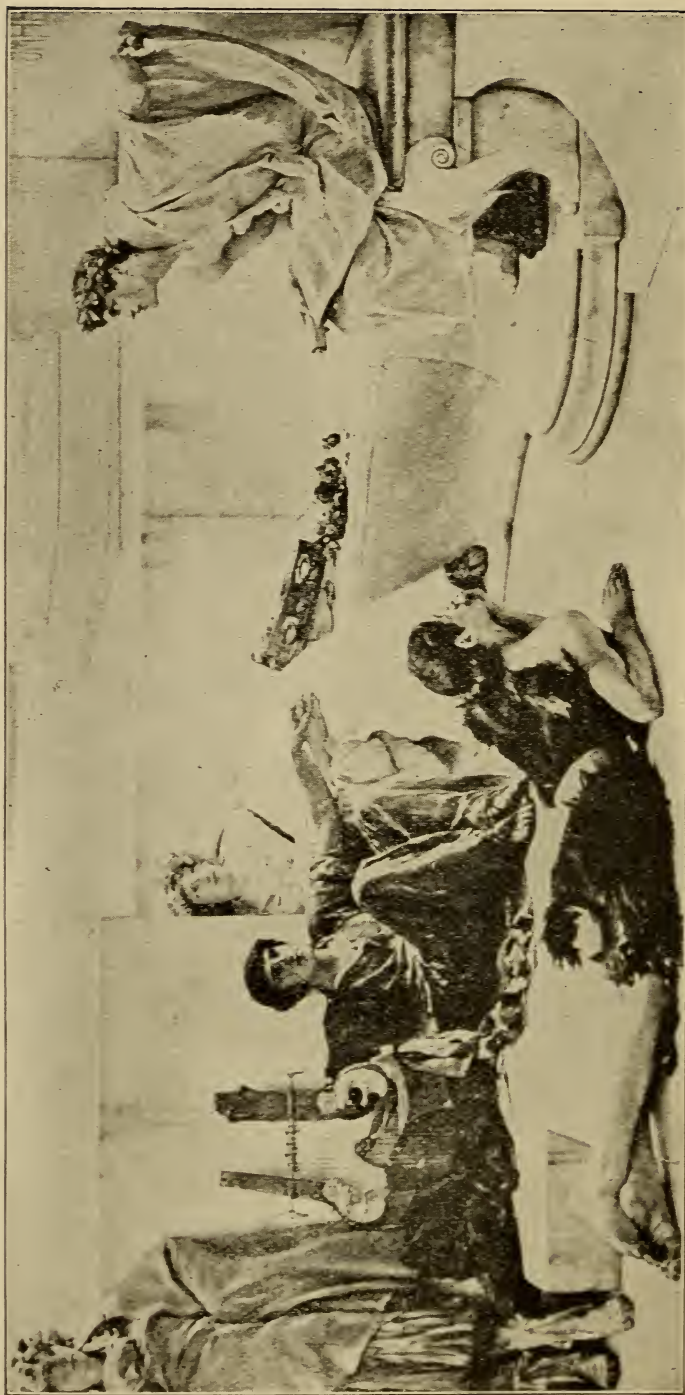






86. Constantine





READING HOMER'S TALES

NOTES OF CRITICISM ON GREEK, ROMAN, AND BRITISH LEGENDS

Three successive classes of critics have passed upon the early legends of great nations. At one time the legendary accounts of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Britons were accepted as history, and taught as such in the text-books. Later, they were wholly rejected, because they were found to be untrustworthy. Still later, the Greek and Roman legends were restored to the books of history—not as historical matter, but as a valuable prelude to veritable history, in their character as folklore.

It might be difficult to show why the British legends should not share in this restoration, as they shared in the acceptance and rejection by successive critics.

The following notes of criticism will be of interest to the more mature reader, as expressing the careful judgment of noted scholars upon the Trojan cycle in its three principal forms—Greek, Roman, and British:

“The clouds which envelop the early history of Greece are lighted up by the brilliant hues of Grecian fable; but the reader must carefully guard against believing in the reality of the personages

or of the events commemorated by these beautiful legends. Some of them, it is true, probably sprang out of events which actually occurred, and may therefore contain a kernel of historical truth; but we have no means of distinguishing between what is true and what is false, between the historical facts and their subsequent embellishments. Till events are recorded in written documents, no materials exist for a trustworthy history. But even the mythical age must not be passed over entirely. In all cases the traditions of a people are worthy of record; and this is especially true of the Greeks, whose legends molded their faith and influenced their conduct down to the latest times."

William Smith, LL.D.

"Few persons will now be found to dispute the position that the early history of Rome, like that of all nations, begins with legendary tales. . . . It is well known that the legends of Roman history were long repeated and regarded as sober historic truths. Some keen-sighted critics were excited to examine them, and proved by a long and careful investigation that they had no claim to be so regarded. Impossibilities were pointed out, discrepancies of time and fact noted, variations of the same story, as told by different writers, brought forward. Even in ancient times the miraculous nature of many of these legends was a stumbling block to sober annalists. The course these writers

took in ancient times was what we now know by the name of rationalism. They retained all the statements of the legends, but explained them to suit common prose. . . . But the modern critics who showed the discrepancies and variations of the ancient legends took a different course. It was not the marvelous and supernatural incidents that attracted their notice; for after all there are not many of such kind in Roman annals. It was the manifest falsehood of many of the early stories which attracted notice—the exaltation of individual heroes, the concealment of defeats and losses on the part of Rome. . . . The immediate effect of these discoveries was, that for a time the annals of early Roman history were passed over in almost contemptuous silence. It was then that Niebuhr arose. He acknowledged the sagacity of these critics, and conceded to them that the early history, if regarded as an actual narrative of facts, was wholly unreal; but he refused to throw it all aside as arbitrary fiction. He showed that the early history of Rome, like that of all nations, was mythical or legendary, containing a poetical account of the first ages of the city, and not a sober historical narrative; but the legendary traditions of the Roman people particularly are, he contended, so rich and so beautiful, that they give an insight into the early genius of the people which could never have been divined from the imitative literature which has been handed down as Roman.

Moreover, mingled up with the poetic legends of which we speak, there are accounts of laws and institutions which undeniably existed."

Henry G. Liddell, LL.D.

"There is no doubt that the Romans lived for a time under the rule of kings. . . . But the stories told in later times respecting the kings, their names and doings, are quite unworthy of credit. They rest upon no contemporary evidence or sure tradition. To say nothing of the miraculous elements that enter into the narratives, they are laden with other improbabilities, which prove them to be the fruit of imagination. They contain impossibilities in chronology. They ascribe laws, institutions, and religion, which were of slow growth, to particular individuals, apportioning to each his own part in an artificial way. Many of the stories are borrowed from the Greeks, and were originally told by them about other matters; in short, the Roman legends, including dates, such as are recorded in this chapter, are fabrications to fill up a void in regard to which there was no authentic information, and to account for beliefs and customs the origin of which no one knew. They are of service, however, in helping us to ascertain the character of the Roman constitution, and something about its growth in the prehistoric age. . . . There are certain facts which are embedded in the legends."

George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D.

"In its beginnings, the history of Rome, like that of all other ancient peoples, is made up largely of traditions. But we must not suppose on this account that the early history of Rome is a mere blank. Like all other traditions, these stories have in them some element of truth. They show to us the ideas and the spirit of the Roman people; and they show how the Romans used to explain the origin of their own customs and institutions. While we may not believe all these stories we cannot ignore them entirely, because they have a certain kind of historic value, and have become a part of the world's literature."

William C. Morey, Ph.D.

"But now of Brutus and his line, with the whole progeny of kings to the entrance of Julius Cæsar, we cannot so easily be discharged; descents of ancestry long continued, laws and exploits not plainly seeming to be borrowed or devised, which on the common belief have wrought no small impression; defended by many, denied utterly by few. For what though Brutus and the whole Trojan pretense were yielded up, . . . yet these old and inborn names of successive kings, never to have been real persons or done in their lives at least some part of what so long hath been remembered, cannot be thought without too strict an credulity. . . . Thus far, though leaning only on the credit of Geoffrey Monmouth and his assertors,

I yet, for the specified causes, have thought it not beneath my purpose to relate what I found. Whereof I neither oblige the belief of any other person, nor overhastily subscribe mine own. Nor have I stood with others computing or collating years and chronologies, lest I should be vainly curious about the time and circumstance of things whereof the substance is much in doubt."

John Milton.

"The tenacity with which this early series of British kings was defended is no less remarkable than the facility with which it was admitted. The chroniclers at the beginning of the seventeenth century warmly protested against the intrusive scepticism which would cashier so many venerable sovereigns and efface so many noble deeds. They appealed to the patriotic feelings of their hearers, represented the enormity of thus setting up a presumptuous criticism against the belief of ages, and insisted on the danger of the precedent as regarded histories generally. . . . Two courses, and only two, are open: either to pass over the myths altogether, which is the way in which modern historians treat the old British fables—or else to give an account of them as myths; to recognize and respect their specific nature, and to abstain from confounding them with ordinary and certifiable history."

George Grote, F.R.S.

“The legend of the Trojan ancestry of the Britons has, indeed, great antiquity. Sir Francis Palgrave—a high authority—in his learned work on the ‘British Commonwealth,’ speaks of it as a doubtful point whether the stories on that subject existed before the arrival of the Romans, or whether the adventures of Brutus were invented by the bards to propitiate the favor of those who also prided themselves on being the progeny of Rome. . . . The legendary history of Britain, which is now so obsolete, did, in its own time, good service in helping to form the national character; and doubtless the people rightfully and worthily kept their faith in it as long as they did. . . . When we consider that in our own day a great historical mind like Niebuhr’s has actually made discoveries of historic truth in what used to appear so inextricably fabulous as the early history of Rome; when such historical sagacity as his has been successfully employed, not to teach a sweeping skepticism, but a just discrimination between what was actual and what was fable; and when we see a mind so zealous after truth as Arnold’s, carefully cherishing the Roman legends, not, indeed, as history, but as illustrative of it—we may venture a thought that haply it may be reserved for some historian in like manner to search out the truth that now is buried beneath the mass of old British legends.”

Henry Reed.

“The landing of Brutus with his fugitive Trojans on ‘the White Island’ and here founding a ‘Troy Novant,’ was one of the results of the immortality of Homer, though it came reflected through his imitator Virgil, whose Latin, in the Mediæval Ages, was read when Greek was unknown. The landing of Æneas on the shores of Italy, and the pride of the Romans in their Trojan ancestry, as their flattering epic sanctioned, every modern people, in their jealousy of antiquity, eagerly adopted, and claimed a lineal descent from some of this spurious progeny of Priam. The idle humor of the learned flattered the imaginations of their countrymen; and each in his own land raised up a fictitious personage, who was declared to have left his name to the people. . . . Such is the corruption of the earliest history, either to gratify the idle pride of the people or to give completeness to inquiries extending beyond knowledge.”

Isaac Disraeli.

“Romance had long before taken root in the court of Henry the First, where, under the patronage of Queen Maud, the dreams of Arthur, so long cherished by the Celts of Brittany, and which had traveled to Wales in the train of the exile Rhys ap Tewdor, took shape in the ‘History of the Britons,’ by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Myth, legend, tradition, the classical pedantry of the day, Welsh hopes of future triumph over the Saxons, the memories of the crusades, and of the world-wide dominion

of Charles the Great, were mingled together by this daring fabulist in a work whose popularity became at once immense."

John Richard Green.

"It is probable that Geoffrey was not particular whether he obtained his materials from old chroniclers, Welsh bards, floating tradition, or from his own imagination. His book left its impress on the historical imagination of the Middle Ages. Had it not been for Geoffrey's history, the dramas of 'King Lear' and 'Cymbeline' might never have been suggested to Shakespeare."

Reuben Post Halleck.

"The book [Geoffrey's history] has, of course, no resemblance to history in our sense of the word. The author claims to have gathered his materials from the Breton or Armorican book, but even in his own day his tales were regarded as fabulous. However, he is a great romancer, and many of the stories, which were very acceptable to the people of his day, have retained a place in literature. . . . Spenser, Drayton, Shakespeare, and Milton are indebted to him indirectly; and whether he was inventor or compiler, his Latin book has been one of the fountain heads of English fiction."

Charles F. Johnson.

"It is well for those who study English literature to remember that in these two places [Wales and

Cornwall] the Britons remained as a distinct race, with a distinct literature of their own; because the stories and the poetry of the Britons crept afterwards into English literature and had a great influence upon it. The whole tale of King Arthur, of which English poetry and even English prose is so full, was a British tale. The imaginative work of the conquered afterwards took captive their fierce conquerors. . . . It [Geoffrey's history] was, indeed, only a clever putting together and invention of a number of Welsh legends, but it was the beginning of story-telling in our land."

Stopford Brooke.

"The stories ['Geoffrey's Legends'] thus preserved and handed down have had an enormous influence on literature generally, but especially on English literature. They became familiar to the continental nations; and they even appeared in Greek, and were known to the Arabs. With the exception of the translation of the Bible, probably no book has furnished so large an amount of literary material to English writers."

Prof. T. Gilray, in the Britannica.

GENERAL NOTES

BRITANNIA

The prophetic character of the ancient symbolical picture of Britannia is very striking. When the picture was drawn by the ancient Romans, it was scarcely conceivable that the Northern Island, far remote and supposedly peopled by barbarians, should ever become a power among the nations—least of all that it should ever claim to rule the seas. Yet the naval power of the British Empire of to-day could not be more happily symbolized than by that figure of a majestic woman seated upon an ocean rock and holding a trident. The design was an unconscious prophecy of two-thousand years to come.

But the scepter of the sea is not the only remarkable feature of this singularly interesting conception. Scarcely less significant is the helmet worn by the seated figure. It is the helmet of Troy, which was a reminiscence of a thousand years when the picture was drawn. This would seem to be a strong evidence that in Roman days the Britons clung tenaciously to legendary persons and events which connected them remotely, in some way, with the Trojan lore of the Eastern Mediterranean lands.

GOG AND MAGOG

In the Guildhall in London are two old statues of wood, fourteen feet in height, which represent ancient giants, and are popularly known as "Gog" and "Magog." They are greatly endeared to the populace. It is believed that their names are derived from *Goemagot*, which word, being divided and doing service for both, has been confounded with the Gog and Magog of Scripture. In former centuries, and for how long a period no one knows, it was the custom annually to carry enormous effigies of giants in the Lord Mayor's parade. In the same way a gigantic effigy is annually borne about the streets in Brittany to this day. These are interesting souvenirs of the very ancient traditions relating to the extermination of giants in the Island of Albion.

THE HOLY GRAIL

The stories of the Holy Grail form no part of the ancient British legend. They are pure fiction. Yet they exert a singular fascination upon the people, who are reluctant to concede their character as simple inventions. Even so profound a scholar as Wendell Phillips was led to make the following statement, a few decades since, in his famous popular lecture on "Ancient Arts": "The celebrated vase of the Genoa Cathedral was considered a solid emerald. The legend of it was,

that it was one of the treasures that the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, and that it was the identical cup out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. And when Napoleon besieged Genoa, the Jews offered to loan the Senate three millions of dollars on that single article as security. Napoleon took it and carried it to France and gave it to the Institute. Somewhat reluctantly the scholars said: 'It is not a stone; we hardly know what it is.'"

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND FOR READING

For the more mature readers of this volume, who may desire to study the subject of ancient Britain and to read the literature relating to British legend, the following partial list of generally available books is presented:

Reed's (Henry) "English History in Shakespeare's Plays."

Elton's (C.) "Origins of English History."

Wright's (T.) "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon."

Giles's (J. A.) "History of the Ancient Britons," and
"Six Old English Chronicles" (including the "History of the Britons," by Geoffrey of Monmouth—
Bohn's Library).

Smith's (C. R.) "Roman London."

Rhys's (J.) "Celtic Britain," "Celtic Folklore," and
"Studies in the Arthurian Legend."

Scarth's "Roman Britain" (Early Britain Series).

Skene's (W. F.) "The Four Ancient Books of Wales."

Bulfinch's (T.) "The Age of Chivalry."

Tennyson's (Lord Alfred) "Idylls of the King," "Sir
Galahad," etc.

Nutt's (A.) "Studies in the Legend of the Holy Grail."

Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," and "King Lear."

Fletcher's "Bonduca" (tragedy).

Mark Twain's "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Harper's (G. McL.) "The Legend of the Holy Grail."

Guerber's (H. A.) "Legends of the Middle Ages."

Church's "Early Britain."

Disraeli's "Amenities of Literature."

Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," No. 36.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Book II, Canto 10.

Milton's "Comus; a Masque."

Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Lytton's "King Arthur."

REIGNS OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS MENTIONED IN THIS VOLUME

Julius Cæsar (lived B.C. 100-44; assassinated at the beginning of his reign).

Claudius, A.D. 41-54.

Vespasian, 69-70.

Trajan, 98-117.

Hadrian, 117-138.

Septimius Severus, 193-211.

Caracalla, 211-217.

{ Diocletian, 285-305.

{ Maximian, 286-305.

Constantine the Great, 306-337. (Sole ruler, 323-337.)

Gratian, 375-383.

Honorius, 395-423.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

A'-che-ron (ke)	Ber'-gi-on (ji)
Ad-al-gi'-sa (je)	Bleg'-a-bred
Æ-ne'-as	{ Bo-ad''-i-ce'-a
Æ-ne'-id	{ Bun-du'-ca
A-gric'-o-la	{ Bren'-ni-us
Al'-ban (awl)	{ Bren'-nus
Al'-bans (ǎl)	{ Brüt
Al'-bi-on	{ Bru'-tus
Al-lec'-tus	
Am-phib'-o-lus	Caer (car)
An-a-cle'-tus	Cad'-wal
An-te'-nor	Cal'-a-ter
An-tig'-o-nus	Ca-nu'-tus
A-qui-taine' (acwĩ)	Car-a-cal'-la
Ar''-i-ma-thæ'-a	Ca-rac'-ta-cus
{ Ar'-te-gal	Car-tis-man'-du-a
{ Arth-gal'-lo	Ca-rau'-si-us (zhĩ)
Ar-vir'-a-gus	{ Cas-wal'-lon (wöl)
As-ca'-ni-us	{ Cas''-si-vel-lau'-nus
As-cle''-pi-od'-o-tus	Cat'-i-gern
Au-re'-li-us	Clo'-ten
A-za'-ra	Cog''-i-dub'-nus
	{ Co'-el
Bar-clen'-ses (seez)	{ Co-il'-lus
Bas''-si-a'-nus	Col'-ches-ter
{ Bed'-ver	Con'-stan-tine
{ Bed'-i-verē	Con-stan'-ti-us (shĩ)
Be-la'-ri-us	Con-wen'-na

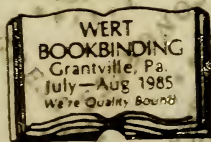
{ Cor-de'-li-a	Fa-ga'-nus
{ Cor-de-il'-la	Fi-dele'
{ Co-rin'-e-us	Flol'-lo
{ Co'-rine (rin)	
Cou'-lin (coo)	Gal'-a-had
Cu''-ne-da'-gi-us (jĭ)	Ge-no'-ren
{ Cym'-be-line (sim)	Gen-u-is'-sa (jen)
{ Kym''-be-li'-nus (kim)	Ge-raint'
	Ge'-ta (je)
Da'-ni-us	Gil'-das
Deb'-on	Go''-e-ma'-got*
Di-a'-na	Gof-fa'-ri-us
Di'-do	{ Gon'-er-il
Di-me'-ti-a (shĭ)	{ Gon-or-il'-la
Di-o-cle'-tian (shan)	{ Gor'-bo-duc (duke)
Dun-wal'-lo (wŏl)	{ Gor''-bo-gu'-do
Du-va'-nus	Gor-bo'-ni-an
	Gra'-ti-an (shĭ)
E-bor -a-cum, or	Guich'-thlac (gwic)
Eb''-o-ra'-cum	Gui-de'-ri-us (gwĭ)
E-brau'-cus	Guin'-e-vere (gwin)
E-laine'	Guith'-e-lin (gwith)
El'-dol	Gur'-gi-unt (jĭ)
El'-i-dure	Guen''-do-lœ'-na (le)
El-sin'-gi-us (jĭ)	
E'-nid	Ha'-dri-an
Ep''-i-cu-re'-an	Ha'-mo
Est'-rild	Hel'-e-na
Ev''-e-li'-nus	Hen'-gist (heng)

*See "Gog and Magog" in Webster's "International Dictionary" ("Dictionary of Fiction").

He-ro'-di-an	Oc-ta'-vi-us
Hu'-di-bras	O-nes'-i-mus
	O-ro-ve'-so (va)
Iach'-i-mo (yac)	Os-to'-ri-us
Ig'-no-ge (je)	
Im'-o-gen	Pen'-dra-gon
	Pan'-dra-sus
Ju'-ve-nal	Par-tho'-lo-im
	Pas-cen'-ti-us (shĭ)
Kim'-a-rus	Per'-e-dure
	Pha'-ra-oh
Lan'-ce-lot	Phi-le'-ni-an
La-ti'-nus	Phœ-ni'-cian (fenishan)
Laun'-fal	Pi-sa'-ni-o
La-vin'-i-a	Pol'-li-o
Le'-il	Pol-y-æ'-nus (e)
Le''-o-ge'-ci-a (shĭ)	Pos'-thu-mus
Lo'-crin	Pu'-dens
Lu'-ci-us	
	Re'-gan
Man''-du-bra'-ti-us (shĭ)	Ri-val'-lo
Ma'-ri-us	Rom'-u-lus
Mar'-ti-a (shĭ)	Row-e'-na
Mar-ti'-al (shĭ)	Rus''-ci-ca'-da
Mau''-re-ta'-ni-a	
Mem-pri'-ci-us (prĭshĭ)	Sab-ri'-na
Mer'-lin	Sa-li'-næ (ne)
Mol'-mu-tine	Scip'-i-o (sip)
Mor'-vid-us	Se-ve'-rus
	Si-lu'-res (reez)
Nen'-ni-us	Stone'-henge
Nor'-ma	Sue-to'-ni-us

Tac'-i-tus (tas)	U'-ther
Ten''-u-an'-ti-us (shĭ)	
Tot'-ness	Ver-u-la'-mi-um
Tri-fin'-gus (fĭng)	Ves-pa'-si-an (zhĭ)
Tri''-no-ban'-tes (teez)	{ Vi'-den
{ Troy No-vant'	{ Wi-den
{ Tri''-no-van'-tum	Vi-ge'-ni-us
Tu'-ro-nus	Viv'-i-an
Tyr-rhe'-ni-an	Vor'-ti-gern





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa.
July-Aug 1985
We're Quality Counts!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 007 381 677 4

